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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR'S ASSAULT UPON THE ABOLITIONISTS.

[We give below the principal part of a speech lately delivered at Concord, N. H., by Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, Postmaster General.]

THERE are two knots of conspiring politicians, at opposite ends of the Union, that make slavery a fulcrum, on which they would play see-saw with the government, and willingly break it in the middle and demolish it to make experiments with the fractions in reconstructions suited to their designs, which are only known as hostile to the well balanced constitutions inherited by our fathers. The Calhoun and Wendell Phillips juntas have both sought the accomplishment of their adverse ends by a common means—the overthrow of the Constitution. Calhoun's school would destroy every free principle, because repugnant to the perpetuity and propagation of slavery universally as the only safe foundation of good government. Phillips's school would subject all our systems of government to the guillotine of revolutionary tribunals, because they recognize the existence of different races among us, of white, red, and black—because they repudiate the idea of equality and fraternity in regard to citizenship that tends to produce that amalgamation, personal and political, which would make our government one of mongrel races, and because they authorize legislation, State and National, which may exclude them from taking root in the soil and government of the country. The white man has excluded the Indian race from dominion on this continent, its native born aboriginal inheritor—the African was introduced on it, not as its owner or to give it law, but to be owned and receive law—and under this aspect the white man, as a conqueror, has accommodated the constitutions of the country to his own condition—that of the ruling race. The ground which Wendell Phillips and his followers take is not merely to alter the law and enfranchise the races held under it as inferior to that holding the dominion by right of conquest, but to abolish the constitutions which recognize that right as established, and admit to equal participation those races hitherto excluded as inferiors. The people who hold the sovereignty in the United States, equally abjure the Calhoun and Phillips doctrine, both looking to a radical revolution to accomplish their opposing schemes. The platform of principles which put Mr. Lincoln at the head of the government explicitly denounced both—and every State paper from the hand of the President, referring to it, proclaims a policy of war with that of the partisans of Calhoun on the one hand—and of Phillips on the other. Providentially, the treason hatched under the incubation of Calhoun has destroyed the whole progeny of mischiefs by means of which he sought to work the overthrow of the government. Rebellion to overthrow the Constitution compelled the exertion of its war power, under which has fallen in the rebel States that local institution employed by the assailants of the national system for its ruin. The bondage, which rendered the slave subservient for this purpose, is declared by the President's proclamation to be broken; and if the arms of the United States can maintain its authority, the servitude which the Constitution once made it a duty to tolerate, now becomes, by the fiat of its war functionary, the malady that must be thrown off for self-preservation. The life of the Constitution is now the death of slavery. The weapon raised to destroy the government is wrested from the hands of traitors and is a forfeit. The slavery abolished under the proclamation is the rightful conquest as it is the salvation of our free institutions. It can never be restored but through their subversion. Into this practical issue Calhoun's State Right doctrines resolve themselves. If the people of the United States constitute a nation—have a national government and can maintain it, his so-called State Rights, exerted to destroy it, conclude in treason. To what better result do the abolition doctrines of Wendell Phillips come? Slavery is abolished, as I have shown, by the rebellion and its consequences—by the war and the constitutional means accorded to the government for its defence. The abolition of slavery does not content one class of anti-slavery men. The Wendell Phillips school, to arrive at the consummation of their wishes, demand the same sacrifice that Calhoun's proselytes make war to obtain — the abolition of the Constitution of the United States. They demand that the different races on this continent, marked by the very terms of the Constitution and the laws made under it, as subordinate to the white race asserting full sovereignty over this country, shall be elevated to equality with the race holding it by conquest, and whose Constitution and laws specially ordain its appropriation to themselves. This amalgamation in races is more than a revolution in government. It is an attempt to make a fundamental change in the laws of nature, and by blending different species of the human race create a hybrid nation. This will prove to be an impossibility. The red, white and black races have mingled very freely on this continent, but the hybrids gradually wear out, while the old stock preserves its original type. The French, from the infancy of discovery on this continent, intermarried with the Indian tribes—but where is the French tribe of Indians to be found? They made the same experiment with the blacks in St. Domingo, and a mongrel race appeared for a time of various tints, but it is gradually vanishing. So the old Spanish blood that mixed with that of the Indians, in Spanish America, had almost run out, and Indians and Spaniards are as incongruous with each other as in the beginning, and the fatal result of this attempted amalgamation is shown in the degradation of both races, and in the instability of their governments. If the history of the world, and the present aspect of both hemispheres, did not make manifest the absurdity of the proposed system of mixing the black and white races in the management of a common government, and blending the two colors to make a third, or rather a piebald people of all colors, the repugnance of caste which has grown up in this country, on the part of the white freeman to the black man—contrasted by his servile condition from his first appearance among us as strongly as by his ebon skin and curled hair—certainly shows that nothing short of insanity could hope to reconcile the dominant, and I might say, the domineering race to such a conjunction. When the Northern free States have framed laws prohibiting the colored freedman from obtaining a foothold on their soil, upon what terms can it be supposed the master race, in the slave States, would consent to associate with negroes made free by the hand of war? They would see their State laws and their State rights, as they insist, set aside by the deprivation of their ownership in slaves. This would be just forfeiture. But while the free States of the North excluded the manumitted slaves from their soil, avowing the abhorrent feeling of caste as an insuperable bar to the association on any terms, much less of equality, how could it be asked of the Southern States that this excommunicated race, surrendered by them as slaves, should be retained, nevertheless, among them and admitted as equals, and as partners in political power, in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws even of the Northern States, which brand them with the badge of inferiority, and political disability? Would not the inextinguishable memory of wrongs on one side, and of admitted mastery on the other make patient acquiescense on either side impossible? All the bloodiest revolutions of ancient and modern times have been those broached by slaves against enslavers. Our civil war, closing in the manumission of four million of slaves, to take equal rank with six million of enslavers, would be but the prelude to a servile war of extermination. The advocates of this hybrid policy know this, but they think the negro so essential to the selfish purposes of their political ambition that, like Calhoun, they are willing to make him, as well as those who hold him in durance, the victim of their policy. I advocate the President's plan of saving both and ministering to their prosperity and to their elevation in their respective spheres to power and greatness as a people. This may be done by a gradual segregation of the two races and assigning to each the regions on this continent and adjacent isles congenial to their nature. The old Roman policy of spreading their institutions and influence abroad in the world, by providing homes for new people drawn into their service, and whom it was not politic and safe to settle in Italy, should be adopted in favor of the unhomogeneous dependent people of African descent whom this war will throw upon the hands of the government as freedmen. Many of them will enlist in the army — multitudes will be employed on the waste lands of the government in providing for their own subsistence. All should be drawn together in military camps on the Roman plan—put under the control of public officers, instructed in the business of self-government, self-defense and self-support, and when employed in the public service amply compensated. Thus, they would be in a state of probation, while the government would have an opportunity to provide for their settlement in the suitable regions to which they are invited as colonists. By such means the process of liberating four million of bondsmen, and then preparing them to assume the attitude of a self-governing nation, might be made to secure to the United States forever their Union, their domestic peace and immunity from foreign invasion. When peace comes, and this liberated multitude seek other employment than that servitude under former masters who would render it more intolerable than the slave system, which, while it extorted labor without compensation, yet created such interest in the bodies of the slaves that they were cared for on economical principles, the government must necessarily become their patron. Placed in this relation, the government must provide them compensated employment, until they are ready to assume the character of an independent people. This might be done advantageously in the Southern States by opening into ship canals those communications which the enterprise of individuals and the natural aqueducts of the Mississippi have to a great extent opened up from the great artery of our continent around the shores of the Gulf through the Hudson to the Lakes. What a glorious result of the war for North and South, especially the latter, would be this bond of commercial brotherhood—this interception of the waters of all our rivers and bays before they reach the Atlantic, and opening them up to each other out of the reach of the hostile navies that might endanger our commerce, or bring foreign power to the invasion of our homes! The great wall of China—the prodigious military highways through which Rome united her empire over Asia, Africa and Europe, were the works of populations whose necessities placed them as a charge upon the government. By such means the process of liberating four million of bondsmen and then preparing them to assume the attitude of a self-governing nation, might be made to secure to the United States forever their Union, their domestic peace and immunity from foreign invasion! Instead of the mutual benefits which the President's plan proposes to draw out of our present adversity, by making the Afric-American race a nation in a fruitful congenial clime, protected in all their rights under the American flag, opening the way to people of our own race to fill their places, and putting an end to the anomalous character of our institutions which destroy our peace, what do those ultra-humanitarians offer? They profess so much philanthropy in the abstract, and such perfect impartiality in judging of human affairs that they seem to think the millennium come, and invite the lion and the lamb to lie down together. They would break up all constitutions, laws and usages, assuming that all antagonisms of interests, of prejudices, of passions, were at an end in a land of fetters and whips, of swords, guns and bayonets in the hands of six million of incensed masters, and that four million of their manumitted slaves might be safely trusted to their tender mercies. This is a practical illustration of the Wendell Phillips love for the downtrodden African! But the Phillipeans probably do not expect the amalgamation, liberty, equality and fraternity theory to be acceptable to the present ruling class, but intend that the Northern white man, while rejecting it for himself, shall enforce it on the Southern white man. Unfortunately for this scheme, the Northern soldier intends becoming a Southern white man himself, and he wants the lands he redeems from nullification for himself and his posterity, and as an inheritance for his race. The scheme is another birth of that monstrous philosophy which would have discarded the Slave States from the Union and delivered the negroes to perpetual bondage, on the pretence that the conscience of the North might no longer be burdened with responsibility for the crime of slavery. All the propositions of the Abolition faction which is warring on the President come to these conclusions: destruction of the Constitution, and of the white and black races, or incessant wars after the example of the Moors and Spaniards until the expulsion of the former from Spain. All the early patriots of the South—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay, and others—were the advocates of emancipation and colonization. The patriots of the North concurred in the design. Is the faction now opposing it patriotic or philanthropic? Are they not rather like Calhoun, working the negro question to accomplish schemes of selfish ambition, and after his method, making a balance of power party of a phalanx of deluded fanatics, keeping the Union and the public peace perpetually in danger, and seeking power in the government through its distractions? The author of the Declaration of Independence and his associates declared *equal rights* impracticable in society constituted of masses of different races. De Tocqueville, the most profound writer of the Old World on American institutions, predicts the extermination of the blacks, if it is attempted to confer such rights on them in the United States. It is obvious that an election would be but a mockery in a community wherein there could be no other than *black* and *white* parties. In such communities, reason, and experience show that one or the other race must be the dominant race, and that democracy is impossible. This is not less obvious to the Phillips school than it is to the Calhoun school, who concur in opposing the policy of Mr. Jefferson, adopted by the President, intended to effectuate the design of our fathers to establish popular government. They concur in pressing here the antagonism of races, and only differ in looking to different races to give them power. The result of this antagonism, so far as popular government is concerned, would be the same if either could succeed in their schemes, and you would scarcely have much preference between being governed by Jeff. Davis, as the leader of the Slave Power, and Wendell Phillips, as the leader of the enfranchised blacks. But neither can succeed. Even the Calhoun scheme, matured through so many years of intrigue by men versed in public affairs and attended with a temporary success, is a failure as a governing contrivance, though potent still to spread ruin widely through the land, and especially to desolate the homes of his deluded followers. The Phillips scheme is the dream of visionaries wholly unskilled in government, and will be a failure from the start. He may in turn make victims of the negroes, as Calhoun has of their masters. But I think not. They are not ambitious of ruling white men, and will, I believe, be contented to set up for themselves in some neighboring and congenial clime on the plan of Jefferson and Lincoln. Here is the real issue with the President. Emancipation is a fixed fact. What next? Shall we take Phillips for a guide, or Jefferson and Lincoln? The people will, I am sure, answer wisely.

PURITANISM AND ITS WORKS.

From The Richmond Whig, May 22.

THE late proceedings in the United States in the case of Mr. Vallandigham, and the more recent decision of the Cabinet at Washington, annulling the provision of the conscription law which allows any citizen to purchase exemption by the payment of $300, *attests how rapidly and steadily the government of that country is settling down into an absolute despotism.* Theoretically, that government is composed of three coördinate departments—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. The arrest, trial, and coviction of Mr. Vallandigham without civil process or legal tribunal, without sheriff, judge, or jury, is the suppression of the judicial department and its elimination from the system of government, while the nullification of a law of Congress by executive fiat is the annihilation of the legislative branch. Nothing then remains but what exists in all autocracies, an administration in which are concentered all the prerogatives and powers of government, and that administration must necessarily be absolute, since its authority is undivided and cannot be appealed from. Some years since it was predicted of the great republic by one of its own orators, that the historian would one day record as its epitaph, that it lost its own liberties in the insane and impossible attempt to secure the liberty of the negro. The prophecy has had an unexpected early fulfillment. *It is fortunate for us that we were able to escape before the crash came, and to save from the wreck the ark of liberty.* But for them nothing is left of all that they once most gloried in—gloried in without understanding or knowing how to preserve. No people ever babbled more about liberty, nor set up so many altars for its worship, nor chanted so many anthems in its praise—but few people have ever really known so little of what true civil liberty consisted in, or how it was to be guarded and maintained. Its defenses they mistook for restrictions, its muniments for limitations, and in breaking down these they opened the flood-gates to licence, inaugurated the sovereignty of the mob, and placed themselves at the mercy of demagogues, who, as in all past history, seized the opportunity thus afforded to usurp and consolidate in despotism the powers which had been originally distributed among many depositories, and exercised by separate and independent functionaries. Thus it has come about that the central power at Washington now sways supreme over corporations, municipalities, State governments, and the judicial and legislative departments of the Federal government. It is monarch of all, and the bastiles yawn for any who dare question its right.

Puritanism spawned the brood of evil from which these disasters have come. It originated and kept up the slavery controversy; it invented the measures of unequal legislation by which the South was fleeced to enrich the North; it set afloat every species of misrepresentation and slander concerning us, and engendered the sectional hatred that made us two people in feeling long before we became so in fact. It at last effected the divulsion of the country and forced the collision of arms that now almost literally shakes the hemisphere. As the result of all this, it has cost the people of the United States their liberty, by substituting a despotism for a constitutional republic; it has cost them the good opinion of the world by exposing the unsubstantial character of their borrowed greatness and the depravity and rottenness of their social system; it has cost them the commerce and intercourse of the South, which were the streams whose golden sands supplied them with riches and splendor; it has cost them a Union which was to them at least beneficent and glorious; and, lastly, it has caused them innumerable lives of kindred and friends lost ingloriously and in vain, many thousand homes made desolate, and an incalculable expenditure of treasure so dear to them.

So much for Puritanism.

REBEL VIEWS OF NORTHERN PEACE MOVEMENTS.

From The Richmond Inquirer, June 16th.

TWO YEARS HENCE.

IN two years, as many persons hope, we may possibly have peace—that is, always provided we continue to repulse and defeat the invading enemy. The Yankee "democracy" is certainly rousing itself and preparing for a new struggle (at the ballot-box) in the great cause of the "spoils," or, as they call it, the cause of constitutional liberty. Those Democrats are evidently beginning to raise a peace platform for their next presidential election; and if they have the good luck to be helped on and sustained by more and more serious disasters of the Yankee army in the field, there is no doubt that the present devourers of the said spoils at Washington may soon be so discredited and decried that our enemy's country would be ripe for such peaceful ballot-box revolution.

It is sincerely to be hoped that those earnest champions of constitutional freedom will be helped on and sustained in the manner they require—namely, by continued and severe reverses in the field, and it is the first and most urgent duty of our countrymen so to help and sustain that Democratic party. It is nothing to us which of their factions may devour their "spoils"; just as little does it signify whether they recover or do not recover that to us tutional liberty which they so wantonly threw away in the mad pursuit of Southern conquest and plunder. But it is of the utmost importance to us to aid in stimulating disaffection among Yankees against their own government, and in demoralizing and disintegrating society in that God-abandoned country. We can do this only in one way—namely, by thrashing their armies and carrying the war to their own firesides. Then, indeed, conscientious constitutional principles will hold sway; peace platforms will look attractive; arbitrary arrests will become odious, and *habeas corpus* be quoted at a premium. This is the only way we can help them. In this sense, and to this extent, those Democrats are truly our allies, and we shall endeavor to do our duty by them.

But they evidently look for other and further help at our hands, and of quite a different sort. No doubt they are pleased for the present with the efficient aid which the confederate army is affording them. Chancellorsville was a Godsend to them; and the tremendous repulse at Port Hudson is quite a plank in their platform. Yet they understand very well that no matter how soundly their armies may be happily beaten; no matter how completely Lincoln's present war policy may be condemned by its results, yet all this will not be enough to enable the unterrified democracy to clutch the "spoils"—or, as they phrase it, to restore the Constitution of their fathers. This, of itself, would never give them a peace-Democrat President and Cabinet; it would only result in another Abolitionist Administration, with a new Secretary of War and a new Commander-in-chief, and a slightly different programme for "crushing the rebellion." These black Republicans are in power, after long waiting, pining, intriguing in the cold shade of the opposition; and they have now the numerical preponderance so decidedly that they both can and will hold on to the office with a clutch like death. The Democrats can do absolutely nothing without "the South," as they persist in terming these Confederate States, and they cannot bring themselves to admit the thought that we would refuse to unite with them (as alas we used to do) in a grand universal Presidential campaign, for a Democratic President with a peace platform, and the "Constitution as it is." In fact, this whole two years' war, and the two years' more war which has yet to be gone through, is itself, in their eyes, only a Presidential campaign, only somewhat more vivacious than ordinary. This explains the Vallandigham peace meetings in New York and New Jersey, and the "manly declarations" of Mr. Horatio Seymour and other patriots. "Do not let us forget," says Fernando Wood, writing to the Philadelphia meeting, "that those who perpetrate such outrages as the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham do so as necessary war measures. Let us therefore strike at the cause, and declare for peace and against the war." This would sound very well if the said "declaring for peace" could have any effect whatever in bringing about peace. If a man falling from a tower could arrest his fall by declaring against it, then the declaration of Democrats against the war might be of some avail. As it is, they resemble that emphatic pronouncement of Mr. Washington Hunt: "Let it be proclaimed upon the housetops that no citizen of New York shall be arrested without process of law." There is no use in bawling from the housetops what everybody knows to be nonsense. Or this resolution of the New Jersey meeting:

> Resolved, That in the illegal seizure and banishment of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, the laws of our country have been outraged, the name of the United States disgraced, and the rights of every city menaced, and that it is now the duty of a law-respecting people to demand of the Administration that it at once and forever desist from such deeds of despotism and crime (enthusiasm).

Demand, quotha? The starling that Mr. Sterne saw in the cage said only, "I can't get out." It would have been more "manly" to scream, "I demand to get out. I proclaim on the housetops that I will get out." Another of the New Jersey resolutions throws an instructive light upon this whole movement and its objects:

> Resolved, That we renew our declaration of attachment to the Union, pledging to its friends, wherever found, our unwavering support, and to its enemies, in whatever guise, our undying hostility, and that, God willing, we will stand by the Constitution and laws of our country, and under their sacred shield will maintain and defend our liberty and rights, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must" (great cheering).

This phrase, "wherever found," implies that there are friends of the Union in this Confederacy, and the resolution obligingly pledges to them the support of the New Jersey Democracy—not surely without an equivalent return. To the same meeting Gen. Fitz-John Porter writes a letter declaring, of course, for the Constitution and resistance to despotism, and ending thus:

> "The contest of arms, however, will not be required; the certain and peaceful remedy will be found in the ballot-box. Let us all possess our souls in patience. The remedy is ours."

Gen. Fitz-John knows well that the remedy is not theirs, unless "the South" consent to throw its votes into that same ballot-box; and it is for this, and this only, that the Democratic hook is baited with "peace." But in a speech of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, before a Democratic club of Philadelphia (which we find printed in *The Sentinel*), is a passage more fully expounding the Democratic plan than any other we have seen. He says:

> "Subjugation or annihilation being alike impossible, I am in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities—for an armistice—that mid the lull of the strife the heat of passion shall have time to cool, and the calm, majestic voice of reason can be heard. In the midst of such a calm I am for endeavoring to learn from those in arms against us what their demands may be, and inviting their co-operation in the name of a common Christianity, in the name of a common humanity, to some plan of reconciliation or reconstruction by which the sections may unite upon a more stable basis—a plan in which the questions upon which we have differed so long may be harmoniously adjusted; and each section, by virtue of the greatness developed in this war, may profit by the experience. If it shall be found that sectional opinions and prejudices are too obstinate, and the exasperations of this war have burned too deep to settle it upon the basis of reconciliation or reconstruction, then I know that separation and reconstruction are inevitable."

Here is the whole plan: an armistice, and then "inviting our coöperation." During that armistice they hope that the "calm, majestic voice of reason" and a "common Christianity" might do something considerable. The game, as they calculate, would then be on the board, with stakes so tempting. Mr. Wall would endeavor "to learn from us what our demands are."

Anything in reason he would be prepared to grant us; but if we replied, "Our demands are that you bring away your troops from every inch of our soil, that you leave the Border States free to decide on their own destiny, that you evacuate all our forts and towns which you now hold, and make us rid of you and the whole breed of you forever," then Mr. Wall would exclaim: "What! do you call that the calm, majestic voice of reason? Is that your common Christianity?" He would say, "When I spoke of the calm, majestic, etc., I meant the spoils; when I said a common Christianity, I meant money. Let us talk rationally—how much common Christianity will you take?" In vain is a net spread in the sight of any bird. We are aware of them, and we will watch them well, and the friends of the Union, "whersoever found." Our views go a little further than theirs. We have to so disorganize and disintegrate society in their country that they will rush into armed revolution and anarchy. We spit upon their ballot-box. We care not what they "demand" in resolutions, nor what helpless trash they proclaim on the housetops. We do not believe in their power to attain so much as an armistice for two years to come. If an armistice, indeed, were offered, and the invading troops were withdrawn, of course we should not object to it, and good use could be made of it. But, mark well, ye armistice mongers! During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between government and government. Our lines should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or fraternization of parties by public meetings or private conferences; no bargaining with the "calm voice of reason"; no secret pocketing of Wall's "common Christianity." But armistice there will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. It shall not be sold by pedlers, to be built into a Yankee platform.

THE "PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS."

From The Journal of Commerce.

THIS is the innocent name of a little coterie of Quaker Abolitionists who hold annual meetings in a rural district of Pennsylvania, and send reports of their doings to a radical paper in New York. The Progressive Friends have been progressing for these eleven years, and it is curious to note how far they have got along. So far as religious progress is concerned, the reports are misty and unsatisfactory. There is much talk about the "welfare of the human family," "applying the principles of Christianity to the affairs of life," "truth and its hindrances," and the "true Church." As all these fine but inexpressive phrases have been adopted by avowed infidels, time out of mind, we are unable to understand what the Progressive Friends have progressed to on the religious road. One thing only is certain: that they have got a long way from the primitive simplicity of Quakerism. In worldly affairs, under the teachings of Garrison, May, and other apostles of the Anti-Slavery Society, they have progressed with seven-league boots. From meek non-resistants they have become the most sanguinary and ferocious of men. No speeches could be more terrifying to the rebels than their speeches; no resolutions can carry so many thunderbolts of annihilation in them as their resolutions. At the rate they are progressing in warlike inclination, we presume that, should the war last several years longer, they will actually be ready to enlist in the army, and fight with their hands as bravely as they do with their tongues and pens. This would be an instance of real progress which we should be happy to record to their credit. Of course, nobody outside of their charmed circle can progress fast enough for them. Some people have thought that President Lincoln was not backward in his ideas of human amelioration; but he is too slow a coach for the Progressive Friends. With a small word of praise for what he has done, they now demand of him an immediate and unconditional emancipation of all slaves in the United States. If he will oblige them in this little matter they promise him the enormous boon of their moral support. Observe—moral support, not physical! There is not the slightest intimation as to the conditions upon which they would progress in the direction of the enemy. On that point they are judiciously reticent. There is one thing in which these eccentric people claim to have made real progress. They commenced by excluding music from their interesting reunions, and they have now attained to an altitude of liberal mindedness where they actually let in a couple of singers and a fiddle or two. It has taken eleven years to reach this point in the career of progressive friendship, or friendly progressiveness, or whatever the abstract idea of their association may be called. In a reformation of this importance, these Friends have progressed slowly but surely. In a few years more, it may be, they will be ready to introduce comic songs between the addresses of their speakers, which will be a pleasing diversity of a now rather sombre entertainment. And the day may come—who can say it will not in the distant future?—when the Progressive Friends will wind up their annual meetings with a grand ball and a champagne supper at two in the morning.

These antics would not be more out of place than their high-flown jargon and their continual abolition labors for eleven years to bring on a war, which, now that it is here, they will not help by their strong arms to bring to an end.

They should take example from the more sensible and highly intelligent members of the Society of Friends, who do not profess to be so "progressive," but are content to do their duty as Christians and citizens in the good old ways. These are among our most valuable people, honored and respected everywhere.

THE WAR OF CAVALRY AND NEGROES.

From The Chattanooga Rebel, June 3.

IT is announced in the Northern telegrams that one hundred thousand cavalry are soon to be armed and equipped for our destruction. Simultaneously we hear from every quarter that regiments and brigades of negroes are also to be pressed into the ranks of our foes. The cause of these new movements is clear; our enemies, despairing of conquest by armies of infantry, and unwilling to expose their own precious persons to the privations, suffering and death resultant from a fair and equal conflict, are resolved to burn up our bridges, cities, depots and dwelling-houses, by raids in the interior, and to add the horrors of a St. Domingo massacre to their own plundering and brutal warfare.

Such elements of darkness do not mean reunion; they do not even stop at the idea of conquest and subjugation; they can only portend utter desolation and extermination. We feel profoundly touched at the sad and solemn picture of the future that is thus weaving in the womb of fate, but we are not sure that it is to be deplored as an unmixed evil; thousands of innocent, helpless and noble hearts will fall crushed and bleeding under the wheels of this Juggernaut of fanaticism, but from the blood of the martyrs will spring the seed of the Church, and the temple of hope and freedom will be rebuilt and reconsecrated. We cannot thus be subdued. We shall rise higher, more intact and united, as these tenfold furies, thus turned loose, have to be met and confronted.

Our government must develop its reserved energies, cast away forbearance, and humbly imitating the course said by Milton to have been pursued by our Creator, when the devils heaved up volcanic mountains and tartarean pitch, to overwhelm His angels and desolate heaven, we, too, must gather the two-edged sword, and pour out a consuming fire that will deluge the East with destruction, burning, and the horrors of despair.

We can arm and equip fifty thousand of our veterans who never fled from the face of an enemy, and can move unhurt, and almost unchallenged, from Cincinnati to Boston. They can lay in ashes the richest and most populous of Northern cities, leaving behind them a belt as broad and burning as the ecliptic. They can run a burning plough-share over the hot-beds of ruling fanaticism, from which sprang the Ate turned loose on the South.

If our President will but announce and permit such a policy, he will be justified in the eyes of the civilized world, and will evoke a new spirit in the South that has never yet been called into action. Thousands of men are just thrust out with cruelty and ignominy from Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky and Maryland, and they are thirsting to go back with fire and sword. Thousands more of our people, who have felt that mere defence of our land is not the true policy, would be stirred to their inner depths at the trumpet call of invasion. We believe firmly, that myriads at the North are prepared to take refuge in our ranks from the storm of despotism that is darkening around them.

If it be necessary, in order to save ourselves from cavalry raids and negro massacres, that we should raise the war-cry of "Blue Bonnets over the Border," so be it. We have struggled long and faithfully to meet the exigencies of this contest in a fair, open and manly fight; but when the demons of hell are to be turned loose on our beautiful land, and its civilization choked amid blood and flames, we must, in self-defence, pour back the fell tide of ruin on our barbarian foes, and make them sing, amid the fallen glories of their once thriving cities, the song of the Persian poet:

> "The spider has woven his web and the owl hath sung in the towers of Apasiah."

We shall meet the truculent Yankees as the Indian Conanchet did when they sought his alliance, after murdering his people and devastating his land. He raised himself proudly to his full height, and replied:

"The fire that consumed the lodges of my people turned the heart of Conanchet to stone."

Selections.

SPEECH OF MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

REVIEW BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From The Liberator.

ON the 17th of June, an immense gathering of the loyal people of the Granite State was held in Concord, to give expression to their sentiments in support of the government, and in execration of the Southern rebellion for the overthrow of the Union. It is estimated that at least twenty thousand were drawn together from every part of the State, the procession having been nearly two miles long. Of this number, a large portion came expressly to see and to hear John C. Fremont, who was announced to be among the speakers, but who, to their grievous disappointment (for no public man has such a magnetic hold upon the popular feeling as himself), felt compelled to remain at home, in consequence of the daring rebel raid into Pennsylvania, to be ready at a moment's notice to obey any summons of the government, in case his services should be needed. There was also a strong desire to hear Gen. Butler, who has so thoroughly sunk the partisan in the patriot, whose military administration at New Orleans was characterized by such wisdom, energy, discretion and success, and who sees in the utter overthrow of slavery the only path to peace and national unity. In this they were gratified, as he was present, and made an eloquent and stirring speech. But the principal speaker on the occasion was the Hon. Montgomery Blair, the present Postmaster-General of the United States. Instead of making a speech such as the day, the occasion, the state of the country, the spirit of patriotism demanded, and thus to energize and inspire the vast assembly that waited for the quickening appeals from his lips, he grossly abused the opportunity, insulted the general intelligence and moral feeling of his hearers, indulged in a vulgar exhibition of senseless colorphobia, and occupied nearly all his time in a tirade against Wendell Phillips (finding in him the counterpart of John C. Calhoun!) and the Abolitionists as visionaries, fanatics, and fit associates for the rebellious crew under the leadership of Jeff. Davis! Think of a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet coming all the way from Washington to New Hampshire, on such a day, to deliver such a personal diatribe! Was ever speech so ill-timed, in such bad taste, and so utterly uncalled for? The courtesy and forbearance of the multitude who gave him audience must have been severely taxed, and that he was not hissed down was a proof of extraordinary self-control.

What this official libeller said of men, the latchets of whose shoes he is not worthy to loose, and of a race who are his equals by birth and immortality, may be seen by the extracts we have made from his speech, and placed in the proper department on our first page. It is discreditable alike to his head and heart—marked by a total lack of discrimination and disregard for the truth. We propose to substantiate this charge by a brief examination of some of its positions.

Mr. Blair first speaks of "two knots of conspiring politicians, at opposite ends of the Union, that make slavery a fulcrum, on which they would play see-saw with the government, and willingly break it in the middle"—"the Calhoun and Wendell Phillips Junta!!" There is a cluster of absurdities about a statement like this. In the first place, the Union is already dissolved, the "government broken in the middle" (of which fact this sagacious member of the Cabinet appears to be oblivious, though the rebel army is at this hour thundering at the gates of the Capital!), and, therefore, there is no occasion to "play see-saw" in order to effect what has for more than two years been accomplished! In the second place, nothing can be more untruthful or more ridiculous than to accuse Mr. Phillips and the Abolitionists of being "conspiring politicians." From the beginning till now, theirs has been a philanthropic and religious movement, lifted far above all political or party considerations, divested of all personal ends, requiring constant self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and seeking, by the dissemination of light and truth, only the peaceful emancipation of a fearfully oppressed race; so that the land might find repose, and the union of the States be based on liberty and justice for all the people. Daniel Webster, in a speech made by him at Niblo's Garden, in New York, said of it—"It has struck a far deeper chord than that of politics; it has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. He is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised." For more than twenty years, both Mr. Phillips and the Abolitionists with whom he is associated, instead of acting the part of "conspiring politicians," have disfranchised themselves for the slave's sake, and refused to cast a ballot stained (in their conviction) with his blood. All political parties have, in turn, been criticized and censured by them with unsparing impartiality and unexampled fidelity. Their only instrumentalities have been speech and the printed page, protesting against blood-red crime and heaven-daring iniquity; bearing testimony after the manner of prophets and apostles, of the martyrs and saviors of every age, and being willing to be "made of no reputation," aye, "counted as the filth of the earth," so that the oppressed might go free, and the land be saved from its terrible curse. Now, for Mr. Blair to put them into the same category with the Southern fire-eaters and traitors of the Calhoun school, is to evince on his part the most disgraceful ignorance, or the greatest possible moral obliquity of vision.

Mr. Blair says that "Calhoun's school would destroy every free principle, because repugnant to the perpetuity and propagation of slavery as the only safe foundation of good government." Mr. Phillips occupies precisely the opposite ground; he would destroy every slaveholding, man-imbruting principle, because repugnant to the perpetuity and propagation of freedom as the only safe foundation of good government. But it would not suit the evil purpose of Mr. Blair to make this very creditable admission; therefore he deals in vague circumlocution and perverse misrepresentation, as follows: "Phillips's school would subject all our systems of government to the guillotine of revolutionary tribunals, because they recognize the existence of different races among us—of white, red and black"—etc., etc. This method of suppressing the simple truth reveals the political demagogue. Mr. Blair is morally incompetent to understand either the principles or the purposes of what he chooses to call the "Phillips school." The son of an old slaveholder, and probably a slaveholder himself—an aspiring politician, bent on accomplishing his own selfish designs—infected in his blood and bones, in his education and habits, by the depraving influences of slavery—what can he comprehend of justice to an oppressed and outcast race, or of fair-dealing towards those who dare to advocate their cause in the face of universal proscription? Is it for such a man to assume to sit in judgment upon one of the noblest men to whom the human race has given birth, and pronounce sentence against him as a visionary and factionist? No—his own doom is announced and secured in the unchanging declaration, "The memory of the wicked shall rot"; whilst to the object of his malevolence may be safely applied the glorious assurance, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." But this is neither the place nor the time to measure the services or to do justice to the life and character of Wendell Phillips. All things considered—his high and honorable birth, his finished education, his rare scholarly culture, his splendid intellect, his unsurpassed eloquence, his statesmanlike capacity, his philosophic acumen, his power of popular appeal, all placing within his easy grasp any official station to which he might aspire in the gift of the people, yet all generously offered upon the altar of bleeding humanity, made subservient to the rescue and elevation of the most despised of mankind, and devoted to the general welfare, and the glory and stability of the republic—there is no parallel to the case of Mr. Phillips in American history. No man has had at once such powerful temptations to seek popular acclaim, and such qualifications to win it, and yet has given such proof of entire self-abnegation in his efforts to lift up a down-trodden race from a brutal condition to a humane civilization, as himself. And what parade has he ever made of his services? What hint given of his wide-spread munificence? What claim advanced for public consideration or reward? Whose fidelity to an unpopular but righteous cause, in every emergency, has been more uncompromising than his own? Who has ever surpassed him for courage of personal rebuke, whether as applied to erring friends or bitter foes? What public man, or political party, or religious sect, has he failed to commend or denounce, according to his conviction as to their actual deserts? To "rememember those in bonds as bound with them," though it may seem a very vulgar and fanatical thing to Mr. Montgomery Blair, is nevertheless the purest patriotism, the surest test of reverence for God and regard for man, the highest love of country.

Mr. Blair is cursed with a vulgar conceit of the superiority of race—*his* race, of course—as if he or they were of any more account before God, or in the sublime destiny of a common humanity, than the most degraded negro slaves at the South! Hence he exultingly assumes that "our systems of government repudiate the idea of equality and fraternity in regard to citizenship that tends to produce that amalgamation, personal and political, which would make our government one of mongrel races." How is it that a slaveholder, or the son of a slaveholder, in attacking Abolitionists, alway parades his disgust at "amalgamation"? Mr. Blair may be an exceptional case, almost as rare as that of a white blackbird—we know nothing of his early history or habits—but it is no defamation to say that, from boyhood to mature age, slaveholders are steeped to their lips in licentious amalgamation, and revel in uncleanness of the flesh. What is their slave system, on the score of purity, better than was Sodom or Gomorrah? Why does it recognize no marriage, no parental or filial ties, no human relationship, among its victims? Why may not a slave mother, wife or daughter raise her hand in defence of her chastity, except at the peril of her life? Whence came such multitudes of mulattoes—slaves with blue eyes, straight hair, and the fairest complexion? All slavedom is made up of debauchery with the "negro wenches"; and the children thus illegitimately begotten are constantly in the slave mart, or on the auction-block, for sale to the highest bidder, for the pecuniary benefit of their lustful fathers, who are never weary in bawling "Amalgamation! amalgamation"! when denouncing Abolitionists, who would put an end to such profligacy forever.

Mr. Blair speaks contemptuously of "mongrel races." Those races constitute but one human race, created by the same God, amenable to the same divine tribunal, under the same eternal law, and endowed with the same immortality. Is diversity of complexion or condition a warrant for pride and oppression on the one hand, or for abasement and servitude on the other? "We that are strong should bear the burdens of the weak," and not make those burdens heavier. In the mutations of ages, races ascend and descend in the scale of existence—as if to pour the infinite contempt of a common Father upon every special assumption of one tribe of people to superiority over another:

> "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?"

And who shall presume to doubt or deny that, in the lapse of time, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God," or may yet be the focal point of the world's intelligence, prosperity and glory? There is no distinction of races in Massachusetts—all are equal before the laws—her colored citizens are voters, and help to determine who shall be Governor, who President of the United States, and, through him, who shall be Postmaster-General! Is Massachusetts thereby degraded, or misgoverned, or cursed by rival factions? Or does she not lead the van? Can her example be too widely imitated?

It is a new chapter in moral philosophy to make original wrong-doing the basis and justification of a perpetual ostracism of those "whose skins are not colored like our own"! But this Mr. Blair very coolly does. "The white man," he says, "has extruded the Indian race from dominion"—meaning by this, has hunted it well-nigh to extinction—"on this continent, its native-born aboriginal inheritor. The African was introduced on it"—meaning by this, was piratically kidnapped and brought here—"not as its owner or to give it law, but TO BE OWNED and receive law; and under this aspect"—meaning by this, in consequence of this high-handed villany—"the white man as a conquerer has *accommodated* the constitutions of the country to his own condition, that of the ruling race." Mark the subtle phraseology of this extract! "Extruded"—"introduced"—"accommodated"! And because of all this cruelty and oppression, therefore it is right and proper that the descendants of the "native-born aboriginal inheritors," and of the kidnapped children of Africa, should enjoy neither liberty nor equal rights on this continent!

Mr. Blair claims to be in favor of the emancipation of the colored race, but only on condition of their ultimate expatriation. True, this is their native land, the soil of which has been moistened with their tears, and reddened with their blood through generations of uncompensated labor, and therefore is theirs by a higher title of equity than can be shown by any other class; but he cannot tolerate them in a state of freedom here, and deduces from that state the most dreadful consequences. Now, that the rebellion has made their liberation a matter of self-preservation, and therefore of overwhelming necessity, on the part of the nation, he pronounces it wild and dangerous to think of allowing them to remain as a constituent portion of the American people. Against their enslavement he has never protested—it has given him no uneasiness—it has never suggested the incompatibility of "mongrel races" living together, so long as the negroes could be deprived of every right, and subjected to every outrage. It is their freedom—and with freedom, education and mental development and moral improvement—that excite his apprehension and rouse his enmity, unless they are colonized afar off in some foreign country. True, the government is enrolling them among its soldiers, and looking to them to act a brave and patriotic part to prevent its overthrow; but, after they have poured out their blood like water, vindicated their manhood by the most heroic deeds, and helped to save the liberties of their native land, then—in accordance with the sheme of Mr. Blair—they are to be banished therefrom as a measure of beneficence and safety! It is Mr. Montgomery Blair who ought to be banished, if anybody!

VALLANDIGHAM'S NOMINATION AMONG THE GERMANS.—*The Westbote* of Columbus, and *The Volksfreund* of Cincinnati — the leading Democratic German papers in Ohio — refuse to support Vallandigham.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863.

THE FOURTH, THE COPPERHEADS AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

It will be a strange Fourth of July that will be celebrated to-day. The old anniversary has lost its immemorial monotony and has strange topics to diversify its thoughts and speech. Our glorifications in view of our victories over the British and of the growth, greatness and future of the Union have had to give place to less flattering speculations about the present condition of our affairs. At the breaking out of the rebellion sanguine hopes, and in high places, too, promised that it should be suppressed before the 4th of July then next ensuing. That National birth-day passed and was followed close at hand by the disaster at Bull Run. Sixty Days and Ninety Days drafts on futurity were not duly honored, and the last Fourth of July found the Nation astonished with the defeats before Richmond and mourning over her sons who had perished in that fatal campaign by the scores of thousands. And this year, the third occurrence of the National festival since the war broke out, is made memorable by the first invasion of Northern soil by an enemy since the peace of 1783, and by the development of piratical resources on the part of the rebels which threatens at least the temporary destruction of our commerce. We cannot say that the array of common-places for the Fourth of July Orators is of an animating and jubilant description. The state of things in the country at this crisis has marvellously contradicted the confident and well-grounded predictions of two years ago. The rebel States have certainly shown energies and resources which we had never dreamed of their possessing. And, as certainly, the immense power in men and money of the North which the rebellion has made manifest has astonished the world not more by its amount than by the inconsiderable results it has brought to pass.

There is one class of the inhabitants of the North who will have a joyful holiday to-morrow. And that is the Copperheaded allies of the rebels, who rejoice in the victories of the enemies of their country and mourn over her successes. They hope to see come out of the humiliation of the United States the settlement which their souls lust after. A settlement which shall preserve the nominal Union at the expense of everything that can make that Union worth maintaining. They do not wish the rebels to succeed in the Disunion they make the end of their warfare—unless the alternative should be clearly that or the destruction of slavery. They wish that the South should conquer the North and dictate the terms on which she will consent to reign over us. And the whole course of the Copperhead party shows that this is the plain English of their resolutions and speeches. This makes common sense of their crying aloud for the maintenance of the Constitution as it is and in the same breath demanding that it be forthwith made something that it is not. They mean that such submissions shall be made to the rebels that they cannot refuse to accept them as the conditions of returning to the Union. This can only be done by them, with any consistency and self-respect, as conquerors imposing laws on a vanquished people. Of course, it is intended that the virtual victory shall be wrapped up in some disguise of mutual consent and compromise. But that is the plain meaning, being interpreted, of the leaders of *The World*, *The Express*, the Chicago *Times*, the Boston *Courier*, and their like everywhere, and of the speeches of the Seymours, the Woods and the Vallandighams. These are the auguries to be drawn from the voices and the flight of such obscene fowl as they. They believe that the day they have longed to see is near, and that the humiliation of the free States and the exaltation of the slave States is at hand, even at the door.

It cannot be denied that they have played their game well, assisted, indeed, but too often, by the fatal yieldingness of the Administration. At the first uprising of the North, they bowed their heads to the tempest and hid themselves, or else outbellowed the storm in their protestations of loyalty. Among the generals whom the weak indulgence of the President had appointed from their number, they instinctively divined the one fittest to do their work. By his delays and incompetency, if not literal and legal treachery, he in the first place gave the enemy the time they needed, and then brought the nation to the very brink of ruin in the peninsula. And they are now indefatigable in their endeavors to have him reinstated so as to finish his work. Their whole course has been marked by the wiliness as well as the venom of the serpent whose name they bear. This present invasion of Pennsylvania, designed probably as a cover for a movement upon Washington, is one of the fruits of their labors. By the divisions they have fostered, the open resistance they have invoked to the enrolment, the moral support they are giving the enemy, besides the actual assistance and intelligence it is but rational to suppose they do not withhold from him, they have encouraged him in his change of policy from a line of defence to that of invasion. But we may hope that in this apparent success may be wrapped up the seeds of their discomfiture and defeat. We cannot doubt that there is yet force and energy enough in the North to make this invasion a fatal failure to the invaders. If not, we may as well acknowledge our defeat and make peace with the enemy on his own terms. And those terms, we may be sure, will not be those the Copperheads longed for. But if yea, then it may be hoped that the government will gird up its loins and be strengthened to take in hand the most malignant, the most subtle, the most bitter and the most dangerous enemies of the Nation. Those whom she warms in her bosom into the strength to sting her to the death.

There is another and very different class of the inhabitants of the North who will celebrate the Fourth with a measure of complacency and satisfaction. Not with the complacency and satisfaction of the concealed traitors we have just spoken of, but with that which flows from a consciousness of duty performed and of innocence from the calamities of the land. We hardly need say that we mean the Abolitionists. It is said that it was their exposures of the true nature of slavery and their reclamations against it that made the nation too hot for the slaveholders to stay in it, and hence the bloody exodus they are attempting. They are not inclined to deny the impeachment brought against them by all at the South and the North whose hatred is the height of honor. Had they been listened to and their method adopted, no war would have been possible. Peace, civil liberty, safety and prosperity would have blessed every corner of the land, and the Nation would have been the mightiest and most glorious on earth. And as it is, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have roused the nation to a struggle, at least, for the predominance of Civil Liberty over Slavery, and saved it from the infamy of unquestioning submission which seemed to impend over it less than three years ago. And in the matter of the conduct of the war, they have nothing to reproach themselves with. They have sustained the government in all its action, and have expostulated with it only for its inaction and shortcomings. Their favorite generals have been the ones who showed that they were in earnest, and the only ones who have had the crown of success. The measures they have urged from the beginning have been tardily accepted. Who does not believe that, had the President, or the People behind him, been ready two years ago for the Emancipation and arming of the slaves which the Abolitionists pointed out as the only way of deliverance, that the war would have been successfully ended ere now? No one who does not wish the rebels success in his heart. This work is, indeed, but the complement of that of the revolution, without the success of which the Revolution had better never have been. Civil Liberty for all men is the principle common to the two wars. The Abolitionists having done their endeavor, first, to make the war impossible by the peaceful concession of Civil Liberty to all, and, secondly, to direct it so as to secure the external establishment of Civil Liberty, have a right to celebrate, not without joy and hope, the anniversary of the most memorable day in the annals of mankind.

FOREIGN SYMPATHY WITH THE AMERICAN CAUSE.

DEPUTATION OF MINISTERS FROM ENGLAND TO MINISTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

On the 30th of May we published the address of seven hundred and sixty-seven Protestant Ministers of France "to the Ministers and Pastors of all Evangelical Denominations in Great Britain," in which, after pointing to the "revolting spectacle of a Confederacy demanding independence in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, with the professed design of maintaining and propagating slavery," they asked their British brethren to "take the lead in calling forth a great and peaceful manifestation of sympathy with the colored race, so long oppressed and debased by Christian nations," thus discouraging the partisans of slavery and strengthening and encouraging those who wish to abolish it, and giving to the cause of emancipation a powerful testimony, which would leave to those who fight for the right of oppressing the slaves no hope of ever receiving the hand of fellowship from the Christians of Europe. Upon the receipt of this address in England, by the hand of the Rev. Dr. Massie, a Conference of Ministers was held in London, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel in the chair, at which a reply, written by Mr. Noel, was adopted, to be sent to the Ministers of different denominations in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales for their individual signatures. This reply we published on the 30th of May. The number of signatures returned was 3,860. The Committee in London having the matter in charge thereupon invited a Conference of ministers of religion and other gentlemen favorable to negro emancipation in America, which was held accordingly, at Manchester, on the 3d of June. The Chairman of this Conference was the Rev. Richard Slate, the oldest Congregational minister in Lancashire. Many eminent clergymen and laymen were present. This Conference, after taking the necessary steps to secure the promulgation of the Address of the French Ministers and the reply of the British brethren, proceeded to adopt an Address "To Ministers and pastors of all Christian denominations throughout the States of America." This Address we propose to publish next week. We state now the interesting and important fact, that the British Ministers engaged in this movement have sent to this country a deputation, consisting of the Rev. J. H. Rylance, of St. Paul's, Westminster, and the Rev. J. W. Massie, D.D., of London, to take such steps as may appear to them desirable to place the Address in the hands of such leading Ministers as, from their recognized social and public position, may be able to secure the coöperation of ministers of all denominations. Mr. Rylance arrived, we understand, more than a week ago; Dr. Massie came in the City of Baltimore, which reached this city on Tuesday. We hope the Ministers of this city and throughout the North will welcome this deputation, and make a fitting response to the Address of their British brethren.

Mr. Rylance is a distinguished minister of the Established Church; Dr. Massie an equally distinguished member of the Congregational body. Their standing among the friends of Negro Emancipation in Great Britain is attested in the resolutions of the Emancipation Committee, which we copy as follows:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Emancipation Society, held at the office, 65 Fleet street, London, on Monday, June 16th, 1863, it was

1. Resolved, That this Committee, having been informed by their esteemed friend and colleague, the Rev. J. H. Rylance, of his intended visit to the United States, hereby expresses its high sense of his earnest and eloquent championship of the principles the Emancipation Society was formed to promote, and its hope that opportunities may be afforded him on the other side of the Atlantic for furthering by his advocacy the cause of human liberty and international peace.

2. Resolved, That this Committee, entertaining the highest appreciation of the eminent services which the Rev. Dr. Massie has, by his zeal and ability, rendered to all the objects it has in view, and recognizing in him one of the oldest living advocates of the great cause of negro emancipation in this country, gladly avails itself of the opportunity presented by his present mission to the United States on behalf of the Conferences of Ministers at London and Manchester, to commend him to the warmest sympathies and cordial coöperation of the friends of freedom in America.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee,

WILLIAM EVANS, Chairman.

F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Secretary.

Dr. Massie will preach to-morrow (Sunday) evening, in the Tabernacle Church (Dr. Thompson's) on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, upon the subject of "British Sympathy for the Anti Slavery Cause in America." We hope he will have a crowded audience.

MR. CONWAY IN ENGLAND.

From The Commonwealth of June 27.

A MEETING was to be held at the London Tavern on the 16th, at which Mr. Bright was to preside, and Mr. Conway was to speak in answer to Mr. Roebuck's recognition speech which he had already noticed in *The Star*. We hear in a roundabout way, that at this meeting Mr. Conway will be urged to make some propos[illegible] to the Confederate Commissioners on the subject [illegible] Emancipation. We cannot believe that any of our English friends, however unacquainted with the state of feeling here, can have persuaded him to such a course. Certainly, neither *The Commonwealth* nor any of the anti-slavery men in this country would for a moment sanction any proposition looking to a recognition of the Confederacy, or its very obnoxious Minister in England. Nor has Mr. Conway any authority (unless it be from the State Department) from any person in America, to enter into any conference whatever with any representative of the South, save in the way of public discussion, or to make any offers of any kind to any persons whatsoever, on any of the questions of the day.

Thus far *The Commonwealth*. All that we know further of the matter is embraced in the following extract from the news received by the City of Baltimore on Tuesday:

London, June 18, 1863.—Mr. Mason, Envoy of the rebel States, has sent to *The Times* the correspondence with Mr. Conway, the American gentleman who was introduced to the public at the London Tavern on Tuesday last, the 12th inst, under the auspices of Mr. John Bright.

Mr. Conway commences his letter, dated June 10, by informing Mr. Mason that he (Conway) is authorized on behalf of the anti slavery people of America, who have sent him to this country, to propose, that if the Confederate States will immediately commence the work of negro emancipation, the Abolitionists and the anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall at once oppose the further prosecution of the war; and since they hold the balance of power they will cause the war to cease by an immediate withdrawal of every kind of supplies.

Mr. Mason replied to this by saying that the proposition is worthy of the greatest consideration, and requests Mr. Conway to produce his credentials.

To this request Mr. Conway answers that he would send to America for them.

Mr. Mason on receipt of Mr. Conway's reply, at once terminated the correspondence, remarking that it would perhaps interest the Abolitionists to learn that they had a delegate here prepared in their name to enter into compromise on the slavery question.

Mr. Mason, however, replied to the question, whether the Confederate States would consent to the emancipation of the negroes on the terms stated in Mr. Conway's letter, by asserting that the Northern States would never be in a position to put this question to the South, nor would the South ever be in a position to give an answer to it.

P. S. Since the above was in type, the correspondence itself has come to hand. It shall appear next week.

THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION" ILLUSTRATED.—We have a photographic likeness of a Louisiana slave's back, taken five or six months after a terrible scourging, and exhibiting from the shoulders to the waist great welts and furrows raised or gouged by the lash, running crosswise and lengthwise—the victim himself presenting a noble countenance and fine physique. "This card photograph," says the New York *Independent*, "should be multiplied by one hundred thousand, and scattered over the States. It tells the story in a way that even Mrs. Stowe cannot approach, because it tells the story to the eye." Price 15 cents. Sent by mail, by enclosing postage stamp. Seven copies for one dollar or $1.50 per dozen.

Address EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, 48 Beekman st., New York.

A TYPICAL NEGRO.

Harper's Weekly for July 4th contains three portraits, from photographs by McPherson and Oliver, of the Negro Gordon, who escaped from his master in Mississippi, and came into our lines at Baton Rouge in March last. One of these portraits represents the man as he entered our lines, with clothes torn and covered with mud and dirt from his long race through the swamps and bayous, chased as he had been for days and nights by his master with several neighbors and a pack of bloodhounds. Another represents him as he underwent the surgical examination previous to being mustered into the service—his back furrowed and scarred with the traces of a whipping administered on Christmas day last; being a strikingly accurate copy of the photograph which many of our readers have seen. The third represents him in United States uniform, bearing the musket and prepared for duty.

This negro displayed unusual intelligence and energy. In order to foil pursuit, he took onions in his pockets, and rubbed his body with them after crossing a creek or swamp; thus, no doubt, frequently throwing the dogs off the scent. At one time in Louisiana he served our troops as guide, and on one occasion was unfortunately taken prisoner by the rebels, who, infuriated beyond measure, tied him up and beat him, leaving him for dead. He came to life, however, and once more made his escape to our lines.

The appearance of such pictures as these in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* is a remarkable illustration of the change lately wrought in public opinion respecting slavery. It is not many years since the Abolitionists, for printing and circulating similar and equally truthful illustrations of slavery were denounced in the most influential journals, religious as well as political, as liars, incendiaries and cut-throats. The Harpers, who would not then print a word in denunciation of slavery, now send these pictures into thousands of intelligent families all over the country, where no distinctively anti-slavery publication ever found entrance. They cannot fail to make a profound impression. The people of the North, thus enlightened and impressed, will never again wear the yoke which Copperheads and traitors are seeking to fasten upon their necks.

THE PIC-NIC ON PARIS ISLAND.

LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your issue of June 20 you copy from *The Tribune* a letter from their correspondent, N. P., giving an account of a boat ride to Paris Island, enjoyed by Gen. Saxton and staff, and others; and as said correspondent has left out the crown of the story, you will permit me to retouch the picture which he has drawn.

The Superintendents and teachers on Paris Island wanted to enjoy, and have their people enjoy with them, a wee taste of civilization, and got up a pic-nic, especially for the freed men and women, and invited Gen. Saxton and all whom *he* might please to bring with him, to grace the occasion. Our almost idolized General and his beautiful and philanthropic bride, and their party, were invited guests, that came especially to see the freed men and women in their holiday attire, enjoying this their first festival of free labor.

N. P.'s account of the party was somewhat like the play of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." A pair of bright eyes doubtless clouded his vision, or he would have seen these people, who rushed to see the General, regaling themselves at long tables under the wide-spreading live-oaks near by, upon two hundred loaves of excellent bread (from the soldiers' bakery of Beaufort) and sundry buckets of molasses, etc., provided for the occasion.

Had he been *there*, under those live-oaks, he would have witnessed a scene of mirth and glee never witnessed before on the said little Island. The colored company had it all their own way. Those who were thought most competent were selected to wait on the rest. There was no discord or discontent. There was enough for all, and when the simple feast was ended they gathered up the fragments that remained in the shape of whole loaves of bread, and quarts of molasses, in their handkerchiefs and aprons, cups and pans, and returned to their homes, giving the Festival, the General, his lady and their friends many a blessing and cheer; old Delia, the African-born woman, declaring "it was just as good, Missus, as old Massa's Christmas time." Perhaps, had the correspondent known the fact, he would have told your readers that the blackberries so profusely provided for the guests and sent to the hospital, were the free-will offering of the colored children to "Gen. Saxpy (as they all call him) and de white ladies and gemmen," who honored them with their presence.

You will pardon this second epistle upon the Paris Island Pic-nic. It seemed a pity that an effort made for the pleasure and comfort of the contrabands should be given to the world as simply an every-day boat-ride or pic-nic for white folks. The superintendents of Paris Island believe, that nothing will so rapidly elevate the freedmen as to teach them that they have many wants. The negro who is content with his two-quart pot for boiling his hominy—to sleep on the floor on his blanket—to go ragged and filthy—because he knows no other way, and wishes for nothing better, will make slow progress in the love of liberty. We must make wants for them, and there is no people that will work more earnestly to supply what they fancy they need. We must attract them first—lead them out of old ways of dulness and stupidity, by exciting and amusing them. Pic-nics are as necessary for them as for Sabbath schools and Churches at the North. We must make wants for them. Teach them that "man wants but little here below," and you will teach them idleness, and consequently vice, in one and the same lesson.

Possibly if mother Eve had been busy, she would not have thought of holding a chat with Mr. Satan, and consequently would not have transmitted to us the knowledge of good and evil. We find that the first work of the good Father was to make wants for them, for he "made coats of skins and clothed them." So even we must do for these ignorant people.

F. D. GAGE.

THE CRUELTIES OF SLAVERY.—A New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, an army officer, after saying of the negro troops in Louisiana, that never did men fight with more dauntless courage; that their camps are models of neatness and order, and that in the whole command but one colored man has ever been punished for improper conduct, adds this important testimony:

"Every man presenting himself to be recruited strips to the skin, to be surveyed by the surgeon. We do not accept one-half that offer. On Tuesday out of eighty-two only thirty-three were accepted. I have directed my surgeons to keep accurate lists of the causes of rejection. They report to me that not one in fifteen is free from marks of severe lashing. More than one-half are rejected because of disability arising from lashing of whips and the biting of dogs on their calves and thighs. It is frightful. Hundreds of them have welts on their backs as large as one of your largest fingers. I intend to have these memoranda collected and published with certificates of surgeons."

Wesley Humphrey—a surgeon of the army at Corinth, Miss.—writes as follows, under date May 25th, to the Cincinnati *Free Nation*:

"I have been selected as the surgeon of the regiment of African descent, now forming here (not all black by any means), and during the past week had occasion to examine about 700 men in a *nude state* preparatory to being mustered into the U. S. service, and I then saw evidences of abuse and maltreatment pefectly horrifying to relate, and that must be *seen* to fully understand the abuse to which they have been subjected. I think I am safe in saying that at *least one-half* of that number bore evidence of having been severely *whipped* and maltreated in various ways; some were *stabbed* with a knife, others shot through the limbs, some pounded with clubs, until their bones were broken. One man told me he had received for a trifling offense 2,000 lashes, and upon examination I found 75 scars on his back and limbs that rose above the skin the size of your finger, saying nothing of the smaller ones. Others had the chords of their legs cut (hamstrings as they call them) to prevent them running off, and some were shot in resenting such insults; these were witnessed by Col. J. W. Alexander, Lieut.-Colonel, Major, etc., of the regiment."

These revelations remind us of the declaration made by Benjamin Swain of North Carolina, in a public address delivered anterior to the movement inaugurated by Garrison, viz: "The worst is not generally known. Were all the miseries all the horrors of slavery to burst at once into view, a peal of seven-fold thunder could scarce strike greater alarm." These words were spoken in the ears of Southern planters more than thirty years ago; and yet there are thousands at the North who insist that the slaves are well-treated and happy—better off, in fact, than the free laborers of the North!

A WORD FROM PHILADELPHIA.

IT is a long time since the readers of THE STANDARD have heard from "Our Philadelphia Correspondent." We hoped to receive a letter this week, setting in a vivid light the stirring events of which Pennsylvania is now the theatre, but we are disappointed, and can only give an extract of a private commmunication dated June 30:

"I cannot write for THE STANDARD this week, as I hoped to do. Everything is hurry-skurry here, and confusion prevails. No one can see an inch into the future, and the worst fears are entertained. These fears do not refer to the enemy without, but to the foe within; not to Lee in front, but to McClellan in our rear. The dread is that our present dilemma is the result of a plan of the reactionists to force us into terms with the rebellion.

"One thing is clear, whatever else may be doubtful. That is, the supreme importance at this moment of black enlistments. This is a golden moment for the black man. Let him not fail to avail himself of it to become a soldier of the United States. My language to every man of color is: 'Now's your time. For Heaven's sake and your own, get a musket into your hand and an eagle on your button. Don't stop to haggle about terms. *The advantage is cheap at any cost.* We don't know what may be coming. It may be triumph, it may be defeat. It may be betrayal into the hands of the reactionists. Whatever it be, let it find you armed and ready to defend your newly recognized rights.'

"The work of black enlistments goes on bravely here. Our most prominent citizens take a leading part in it. They give liberally and work earnestly. A committee is engaged raising funds to defray the extraordinary expenses of recruitment. They have already raised $10,000 and expect to make the amount $50,000. T. M. leads off with a subscription of $1,000. Other Quaker Abolitionists have also given liberally. It is expected that anti-slavery men of every class, all over the State, will contribute to the fund. In what better way can they promote the great cause?

"A camp, called *Camp William Penn*, has been established for the black recruits, and about 150 men have already enlisted. Its location is at Chelten Hills, on property of our friend E. M. Davis, and near the residence of our friends James and Lucretia Mott.

"The colored people of the city are offering themselves by hundreds 'for the emergency,' and their services are gladly accepted. Nothing could exceed the dignity and decorum of our colored friends in this crisis. This is acknowledged on all hands. As a specimen of their spirit, I send you the enclosed slip."

The slip alluded to by Mr. McKim is an advertisement, which we copy as follows:

MEN OF COLOR OF PHILADELPHIA—The country demands your services. The enemy is approaching. You know his object. It is to subjugate the North and enslave us. Already many of our class in this State have been captured and carried South to slavery, stripes and mutilations. For our own sake, and for the sake of our common country, we are called upon now to come forward. Let us seize this great opportunity of vindicating our manhood and patriotism through all time. The Commanding General at this post is arranging for the defence of the city. He will need the aid of every man who can shoulder a musket or handle a pick. We have assured him of the readiness of the people to do their whole duty in the emergency. We need not ask you to justify us in having made this assurance. The undersigned have been designated a Committee to have this matter in charge. Members of this Committee will sit every day at Bethel Church, SIXTH and LOMBARD streets, and at Union Church, COATES street, below York avenue. Their business will be to receive the names of all able-bodied men of color, who are willing to share with others the burdens and duties of entrenching and defending the city. Men of color! You who are able and willing to fight or labor in the work now to be done, call immediately and report yourselves at one or the other of the above places.

E. D. Bassett,	Robert M. Adger,
William D. Forten,	Daniel Colley,
Frederick Douglass,	Alfred M. Green,
William Whipper,	Peter J. Armstrong,
Rev. Stephen Smith,	Henry M. Cropper,
Rev. Jeremiah Asher,	Jacob C. White,
Robert Jones,	John W. Page,
Samuel Steward,	Jacob C. White, Jr.,
David D. Turner,	John N. Simoson,
Nathaniel W. Depse,	Rev. John B. Reeve,
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	Maurice Hall,
Octavius V. Catto,	Rev. Jabez P. Campbell,
David B. Bowser,	Louis R. Seymour,
James McCrummill,	Benj. G. Hill,
James H. Wilson, M.D.,	I. D. Cliff,
Daniel George,	Rev. J. B. Trusty,
Thos. J. Dorsey,	Rev. John A. Williams,
Henry Minton,	James Needham,
Alfred S. Cassey,	Rev. Wm. Joulston,
Joseph W. Cassey,	Rev. James Underdue,
Theophilus Peterson,	Rev. A. L. Stanford,

James P. Johnston.

WOMEN'S LOYAL LEAGUE.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Loyal League was held on Friday, June 26, at 3 p.m., at their room, No. 20 Cooper Institute. The number attending was not large, mostly ladies, yet very earnest and interested listeners. Mrs. Gale opened the meeting with prayer, after which Miss S. B. Anthony offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

The probable expense of preparing, circulating, and presenting our petitions will amount to not less than one cent for each name; therefore,

Resolved, That we request those who circulate the petition to solicit of each person signing a contribution of one cent, and forward the same, with petition and signatures, to the Secretary, Susan B. Anthony, room No. 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

Resolved, That the Central League in New York will bestow their badge and membership as a gift upon each boy or girl under eighteen who shall collect and forward to them fifty or more names and as many cents.

Resolved, That the Central League will bestow a handsomely bound copy of each of the celebrated and recently published works of Augustin Cochin on Slavery and Emancipation on the person who shall collect and forward the largest number of signatures from any city of the Union having a population of twenty-five thousand or over, also on the person who shall collect the la[illegible] number of names in any of the States outside of said [illegible]

Resolved, That each lady to whom the [illegible] and petition blanks are enclosed be requested to bring them to the notice of the clergymen and teachers in her vicinity, with a request that they shall take some action in the matter.

Resolved, That such ladies are earnestly requested to organize Auxiliary Leagues in their towns and neighborhoods, for the purpose of correspondence with the Central League and of collecting and forwarding with facility names and money for the furtherance of the grand object in view; also, for holding meetings to discuss and elucidate the necessity of our demand for an act of Universal Emancipation.

Miss Anthony moved a vote of thanks to the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, for his most acceptable gift to the League of a silver ice-pitcher, waiters and glasses, which was also unanimously carried.

The meeting was then addressed by Lorenzo Sherwood, late of Texas, on the Theory of the Rebellion having arisen from opposition on the part of the South to free labor.

He was followed by Mrs. Stanton, in some earnest and appropriate remarks.

An elderly lady of 70 and upward, of the name of Mrs. Ginley, was unable, as she said, to refrain from expressing her hearty approbation of Mrs. Stanton's views.

The meeting was then adjourned until Friday, July 3, but was afterward ordered for Thursday, the 2d. at 3. p.m., in consequence of the 4th coming on Saturday.

A distribution of petition blanks and pamphlets then took place, after which the ladies separated.

The League is in urgent need of funds to enable it to prosecute its important work with vigor and success. Who will give the needed help?

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—The Copperhead papers are trying to shift the responsibility for the lynching of the negro at Newburg from the shoulders of their own party to those of the Abolitionists. *The Journal of Commerce*, for example, with characteristic effrontery, says: "The spirit of lawlessness which the radical party encourage finds terrible outbreak in such scenes as that which took place at Newburg." If this "spirit of lawlessness" is encouraged by the "radical party," how does it happen that it invariably breaks out, not in towns where that party bears sway, nor among its members, but in places distinguished for what vaunts itself as conservatism, and among those who never read radical newspapers, but receive their moral and political pabulum from sheets of the opposite character? Nearly thirty years ago, Gerrit Smith was prevented by a mob, composed of the "Conservative friends of free speech," from delivering an anti-slavery lecture in Newburg, and from that day to the present the place has been under the sway of the pro-slavery party. We doubt if there are a dozen avowed Abolitionists in the town at this day. The men who lynched the negro there the other day all belong to the party represented by *The Journal of Commerce*, and their diabolism is the natural fruit of the contempt for the negro which that and other journals of the same class foster and inculcate.

PERSONAL.

M. D. Conway, says *The Commonwealth*, was to leave England for Rome and Venice, June 18th, but only for a flying visit.

A series of papers entitled "Hospital Sketches," by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, which have lately appeared in *The Commonwealth* and proved very popular, are about to be issued in book form by James Redpath.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage will, we learn, be among the speakers at the Framingham celebration to-day (Saturday). She will find herself among friends, who highly appreciate her labors among the Freedmen.

The death of Rear-Admiral Andrew H. Foote, the hero of so many naval victories, is a national loss. He died at the Astor House, in this city, on the 26th ult. His remains were taken to New Haven for burial.

We regret to learn that the Iron mills of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, near Gettysburg—said to have been worth $100,000, and to have constituted the bulk of his fortune—have been destroyed by the rebels.

Rev. J. N. Mars, of Boston, the first colored man who has received the appointment of U. S. Chaplain, has been presented with a complete outfit, and a purse of money, amounting to over $150. He goes immediately to Gen. Wilde's brigade, and will act as Chaplain of the 1st North Carolina regiment.

Says a Washington dispatch, dated on Sunday and published in *The Tribune*: "The sermon of the Rev. Mr. Channing to-day seemed inspired by the momentousness of the occasion. He urged the entire sacrifice of everything on the altar of the country, expressing a willingness to lead in the enrollment of his auditors then and there for service in the field. On his way to church he had met the colored regiment. 'That,' he said, 'is the key to the war.'"

Rev. Andrew T. Foss has been lecturing of late in several places on Cape Cod. The Harwich *Republican* of June 25th says: "Mr. Foss spoke in this town three times on Sunday last—twice in Union Hall and once in Rev. Mr. Munsell's church—to goodly numbers, and we think with more than usual acceptance. His subject in the church was the acknowldgement of the manhood of the negro, on which he delivered an excellent discourse, showing how the reputation of the negro as a soldier has within a short time been established, and the people are coming more and more to acknowledge his manhood. At the close of the discourse Rev. Mr. Munsell made some remarks on the subject, and complimented Mr. F. for the earnest and fearless manner in which he advocated the great principles of Truth, Justice and Liberty."

Our readers will remember W. G. Allen, the colored Greek Professor, a few years since, in the New York Central College. Having married a white woman (the daughter, we believe, of one of his fellow professors), he soon afterwards went to England to escape social proscription. In that country he has resided for several years, endeavoring to support himself and family by means of lectures and other precarious literary pursuits. His friends there, in order to give him permanent employment, are endeavoring to raise for him a fund sufficient to enable him to become the proprietor of a well-established school in London.

"Warrington," the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, in a gossiping letter about Concord (Mass.) and its celebrities, says: "Willian Whiting, the Solicitor of the War Department, is a descendant of Oliver St. John, Chief Justice in Cromwell's time, who married, for his second wife, a cousin of Cromwell. He was described by Carlyle as 'learned Mr. St. John, a dark tough man, of the toughness of leather,' who 'spoke with irrefragible law eloquence, law logic, for three days running, on Mr. Hampden's side,' and again at a later day, described as 'dusky tough St. John, whose fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions issue all in decided avarice at last.' One of the Mathers, I think, also appears in the genealogy of the Whitings. I dare say as good men as St. John and Mather lurk in other genealogies, if anybody cared to hunt them up. I was intimidated from such a purpose several years ago, by reading in Pepy's Diary, of a Lord Mayor of London, of my own name, who was described as 'a talking, bragging, buffle-headed fellow, as very a coxcomb as I could have thought had been in the city.'"

"Warrington," the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, sketching the literary celebrities of old Concord, says: "I am afraid that what I have said will make it thought that Mr. Emerson, who is Concord's great man, is not reckoned by his fellow-citizens a practical man. This would not be a correct impression. He is held in very high esteem, and universally liked, not only as a gentleman and a man of letters, but as a citizen and townsman. He has had one or two law suits, a pretty good test of practicality, and would be chosen select man, I dare say, if he would accept. Hawthorne the people know little and seem to care little about. Alcott is well esteemed, though less known than Emerson. Sunday afternoon there was a small party at his house to listen to a reading. Gail Hamilton was among the listeners. The reading was all about Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Alcott's close intimacy with him has enabled him to draw a very admirable sketch, only it has no limitations; it is all eulogy. Mr. Alcott's voice is very charming, and he read some of his friend's poems, 'Musketaquid' and 'The Day's Ration,' in a way which would have repaid his hearers for a much longer walk than they had taken."

One of the bravest and truest of the soldiers from the Empire State is Capt. Nathaniel Hallock Mann, of the Fourth Cavalry Regiment. We find the following allusion to him in a letter to *The Tribune* describing the battle between Pleasanton's and Stuart's Cavalry forces at Aldie Gap: "An individual case of daring brought to my notice was that of Capt. N. H. Mann of the 4th New York, who, finding his squadron hesitate in a charge, plunged alone into the enemy's ranks. The result was a sabre gash in the cheek, a pistol shot in the shoulder, and a killed horse; but the men were inspired and rushed to victory." Capt. Mann positively asserts—so says the Washington correspondent of *The Times*—that the severe wound through the breast was inflicted after he was dismounted by a sabre blow in the face, and after he was on the ground. The proof is abundant that in the recent cavalry fights the rebels sabred and shot many of our men after they were captured. In no previous collision have they manifested such implacable hate. Capt. Mann's parents reside near Milton, Ulster Co. They have long been readers of THE STANDARD and faithful supporters of the principles it advocates; and the Captain himself is a true-hearted Abolitionist, who went into the war to save his country by helping to destroy its worst enemy, slavery.

A card photograph of that noble woman, Sojourner Truth, lies before us. It is a speaking likeness. The sun-god has done his congenial work with a fidelity which leaves nothing to be desired. In the face, "black but comely," what majesty, what intelligence what inspiration! It is a subject worthy of a Vandyke or a Raphael. The picture came to us in a letter from a lady, dated Battle Creek, Mich., June 25, from which we copy as follows: "Sojourner Truth says, words can't express the gratitude she feels to you and the dear ones for the kind donations sent her. She says the Lord's hand is in it. She is quite smart, except a slight lameness, which prevents her getting about very much. She lives nicely by herself. Friends, far and near, call on her. Her faith is strong that God's hand is in this war, and that it will end in the destruction of slavery, which day she hopes to live to see. The enlisting of the colored people she considers the most hopeful feature of the war. She says she can only send you her shadow, while her heart beats warm for yourself and the dear friends who cared for her wants. You helped to cure her in sickness, and now, every day, her heart is cheered as she thinks of you all. The remembrance is most delightful to her. Her grandson, James Colwell, has enlisted in the 54th Massachusetts." We are sure that many of our readers will thank us for informing them that Sojourner will send her photograph by mail to any one who will write her enclosing 50 cents and a 3 cent stamp. Letters to be directed to Battle Creek, Michigan.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 29th, 1863.

WHAT'S the news?—your city readers will again be asking. And of course they must be told. For, although they call Boston "the modern Athens," no one displays more markedly than themselves the Athenian characteristic of eagerness "to tell or to hear some new thing."

There are several little items of news. An Odd Fellows' Hall has been dedicated, with services declared to be interesting and impressive, and with a display of regalia by past and present Grand members, considered by the Grand brethren to be truly magnificent. It is pleasant to learn also, that "the services were in strict conformity to the ritual." These things being so, we may feel assured that, even if the Episcopal Church should come to grief (various signs whereof are showing themselves in the old country), we should not be left without a due allowance of forms and ceremonies.

Again, the pic-nic season has been fairly inaugurated; the collected youth and childhood, with a sprinkling of maturity and elderliness, of several religious societies, having taken its annual trip, by land or water, to some suburban place of recreation. Festivals have become more numerous than fasts, even among the Churches of the Puritans. And why not? The Churches are like the nation in this particular, that, however averse to progress their leaders may be, the masses are steadily moving onward, step by step, in the right direction.

Our Public Garden has at last, after several changes of surface, reached its proper level, and begun to look worthy of its name. When a few more years shall have brought its young trees up to the distinction of giving shade, it will be a worthy appendix to Boston Common.

Edward S. Rand and James Lawrence, Esqs., have presented to the Botanic Garden of Harvard University a collection of rare exotics, brought together by the former gentleman in the labor of many years, and hardly equalled in this country.

The annual Rose-show given by the Horticultural Society took place on Saturday last, and was a brilliant exhibition, comparing favorably with former years, and attracting a large audience. The tables were covered with superb specimens of this beautiful flower, and several new varieties were noted.

The Reports, last week, of the position of maritime affairs in various portions of "Down-East" set some of our Boston merchants and insurers very wide awake, and these made strenuous efforts to wake up some of the others. A fast sailing schooner, the Thomas Woodward, was immediately chartered and fitted with an armament at the navy yard, and sailed on Saturday evening in pursuit of the rebel pirates. Two other vessels, which were expected to arrive here the same day, are to be fitted up for the same purpose and sent out as speedily as possible. Subscription lists, commencing with twelve thousand dollars, were put in circulation, with the understanding that half the money raised will be employed in rewards for the capture of piratical vessels, and half for the chartering and equipment of more cruisers to go in pursuit of them. The later developments of the Portland affair, however, will very likely occasion some change of programme.

After all, the best thing I have to tell you of is a discourse delivered yesterday before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, by William Lloyd Garrison.

Of course his subject was the condition of our country, the cause of that condition, and the remedy for it. Of course he treated these topics in conformity with the principles which we have always known to actuate him. And yet an intense surprise, provocative of wholesome reflection, must have been felt by a large portion of the audience, when they heard this thorough-going Peace man using the terms he did in regard to Peace and in regard to War.

Commencing with an allusion to the motto under which he commenced the publication of *The Liberator*—"My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind"—he said that this was by no means designed to ignore, or to discredit, the peculiar attachment which every man feels to his birth-place, or the special interest which he naturally and necessarily takes in its welfare.

This is no time, he said, for abstract homilies on Peace. He hated the very sound of the word, misused and abused as it is by the people around us. The word Peace to-day, like the word Democracy, is horribly perverted, is used to corrupt and enslave the people. Vallandigham and Fernando Wood are now crying out for Peace. All the basest part of our population, both the intelligent and ignorant, are now clamoring for Peace, and the most depraved of our politicians are intriguing for it.

The conditions under which this country now exists are such as make peace impossible. We *must* have war. God's rule is—First pure, then peaceable. We are not pure.

Before we can possibly have peace, we must "study the things that make for peace." Until we do this, we shall inevitably have war. The real Peace Society in this country for the last thirty years has been the American Anti-Slavery Society. That has been laboring to secure the conditions of peace, and of national Union also. But the people would not listen to it.

Liberty is conservative of peace. It is the great fountain of peace. The North has been peaceful in the past, and has had quiet and order. The South has been contentious, bloody, violent, and its population have been accustomed to wear and to use deadly weapons. They have perpetuated a chronic war within their own borders. And the slavery which produced this state of things also brought on the rebellion, and now we are all at war.

The way to secure peace is to make an utter end of slavery. Not one slave must be left to renew and perpetuate the calamities of our present condition.

The invasion of Pennsylvania comes from the Border State slaveholding, and from the weak indulgence shown it by the President. The loyalty (so called) of the Border slave States is shown only at the point of the bayonet, and is not for a moment to be depended on.

Where is the manhood of Pennsylvania? Where is the Bunker-Hill spirit, the readiness to defend their soil from invasion, among her citizens? It does not exist. They are poltroons. They are sheep. And this comes from the pernicious influence of the Border slave States upon them.

I, a Peace man, must measure the government and people of this country by their own standard, not by mine. What would be gained to the Peace cause by the people of the North proving cowards under the assault of the slaveholding rebels?

I, as a Peace man, ask nothing and expect nothing from cowardice. This people, as a nation, believe in the defence of rights by the sword. Judging them by this standard, I welcomed the President's first proclamation, and I now rejoice in the arming of the blacks. This step will greatly promote their welfare, elevate them in the social scale, and be a great step towards the acknowledgment of their equality of rights.

Three years ago I was a zealous disunionist. Then the nation was in league with slavery, and I could not join with it. All that time the South was violently for the Union, and Jeff. Davis scouted the idea of separation as absurd and impossible. Even then he was plotting disunion, and since, he has openly taken that ground. He has changed his position, and, in consequence, I have changed mine. The nation has changed its position, and in consequence, I have changed mine. There are no longer any constitutional obligations to stand by slavery. Our present struggle is a struggle for Democracy and the rights of man.

If the rebellion is made in the interest of slavery, how can the President help directing the war that resists it against slavery? Is it not self-contradiction, self-stultification, to attempt to save slavery while fighting against slaveholders? If a Republican leader were opposing a rebellion made in the interest of monarchy, would he be solicitous to spare monarchy? Would he make open declaration that he wished to preserve monarchy and republicanism both, if possible?

President Lincoln is no Abolitionist. He allowed seventeen months of his administration to pass before showing any recognition of the fact that slavery is concerned in the rebellion. He counteracted and displaced the generals who were first practically to recognize that momentous fact. Fremont, Butler, Phelps, Sigel! Where are they now? How long would they be without commands if an Abolitionist were President?

The active sympathizers with treason who are now

active in the North are more criminal and more detestable than Jeff. Davis himself.

This cry in favor of Vallandigham, what does it mean? Why is the government censured for recognizing him as an enemy and a traitor? The despots of Europe use their power in opposition to liberty. The same power is here appointed, by the choice of the people, to be used in defence of Liberty. Why should not, why does not the Pesident use it?

Lincoln is called a despot by the friends of treason, North and South. He might more justly be called a wet rag. His present position needs eminent vigor and firmness as much as eminent caution.

Who is Vallandigham? A man of considerable ability, he has done what he could to demoralize the army, to prevent enlistments, to discourage and weaken the government, and to cheer and strengthen the enemy. All that is most brutal and impious in the North is clamoring in his behalf, and clamoring that favor to him is defence of free speech. A President who understood the peril of the country would have hung this man instead of sending him to give further help to the enemy.

I affirm that when Gen. Burnside suppressed the Chicago *Times*, he struck a blow for freedom of speech and of the press throughout the world. President Lincoln was wrong in counteracting this movement. He should rather have anticipated it. Where Burnside struck one blow, *he* should have struck twenty.

There are only three alternatives before us. The first—unconditional submission to Jeff. Davis. The next—vigorous support of the government and the war. The last—a stand frankly taken on the higher ground of non-resistance. Whoever attempts to trim between these commits a blunder and a folly.

Why, ask the sympathizers with treason, why should not Phillips be treated like Vallandigham? I answer, because the spirit and purpose of the two men are entirely different. The government recognizes this difference, and acts accordingly.

Free speech is not endangered by the action of our Administration in these cases. Its part is to make an end of treason, and our part is to stand by the government. There is but one way to finish the rebellion. We must strengthen the government in every movement against the traitors and in every movement towards the establishment of universal freedom.

The discourse thus briefly sketched was heard with the deepest interest by a large audience, and received with evident favor. NORTH.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THIS extraordinary woman still lives. When the letter of Phebe M. Stickney came to us at our home on the prairies in Iowa, suggesting pecuniary comfort for the blessed old saint in the sunset of her remarkable and useful life, I never remember to have regretted more that I had so little at command to bestow. THE STANDARD, however, reports the names of a number of friends who were ready and willing to minister to her necessities. I hope others will do likewise. Few if any in the land are more worthy. Hers has been a life of preëminent devotion to the sacred cause of liberty and purity.

The graphic sketch of her by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has doubtless been read with interest by thousands. No pen, however, can give an adequate idea of Sojourner Truth. This unlearned African woman, with her deep religious and trustful nature burning in her soul like fire, has a magnetic power over an audience perfectly astounding. I was once present in a religious meeting where some speaker had alluded to the government of the United States, and had uttered sentiments in favor of its Constitution. Sojourner stood erect and tall, with her white turban on her head, and in a low and subdued tone of voice began by saying: "Children, I talks to God and God talks to me. I goes out and talks to God in de fields and de woods." (The weavil had destroyed thousands of acres of wheat in the West that year.) "Dis morning I was walking out, and I got over de fence. I saw de wheat a holding up its head, looking very big. I goes up and takes holt ob it. You b'lieve it, dere was *no* wheat dare? I says, 'God (speaking the name in a voice of reverence peculiar to herself), what *is* de matter wid *dis* wheat?' and He says to me, 'Sojourner, dere is a little weasel in it.' Now I hears talkin' about de Constitution and de rights of man. I comes up and I takes hold of dis Constitution. It looks *mighty big*, and, I feels for *my* rights, but der aint any dare. Den I says, 'God' what *ails* dis Constitution?' He says to me, 'Sojourner, dare is a little *weasel* in it.'" The effect upon the multitude was irresistible.

On a dark, cloudy morning, while she was our guest, she was sitting, as she often was wont to do, with her cheeks upon her palms, her elbows on her knees. She lifted up her head as though she had just wakened from a dream, and said: "Friend Dugdale, poor old Sojourner can't read a word. Will you git me de Bible and read me a little of de Scripter?" Oh yes, Sojourner, gladly, said I. I opened to Isaiah, the 59th chapter: She listened as though an oracle was speaking. When I came to the words, "None calleth for justice nor any pleadeth for truth; your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; they conceive mischief and bring forth iniquity; they hatch cockatrice's eggs, and weave the spider's web; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper"; she could restrain herself no longer, and bringing her great palms together with an emphasis that I shall never forget, she exclaimed, "Is *dat thare?* 'It shall break out into a viper.' *Yes, God told me dat.* I never heard it read afore, *now* I know it *double!*" Of course her mind was directed to the heinous institution of American slavery, and she regarded these terrible words of the Seer as prophetic concerning its fearful consequences.

On one occasion, in a large reform meeting, where many able and efficient public speakers were present, Sojourner sat in the midst. One man, in defiance of propriety, was wasting the time of the meeting by distasteful and indelicate declamation. Some, in despair of his ending, were leaving the meeting. Others, mortified and distressed, were silently enduring, while the "flea of the Convention" continued to bore it, nothing daunted. Just at a point where he was forced to suspend long enough to take in a long breath, Sojourner, who had been sitting in the back part of the house with her head bowed, and groaning in spirit, raised up her tall figure before him, and, putting her eyes upon him, said: "*Child*, if de people has no whar to put it, what is de use? Sit down, child, *sit down!*" The man dropped as if he had been shot, and not another word was heard from him.

A friend related the following anecdote to me. In that period of the Anti-Slavery movement when mobocratic violence was often resorted to, one of its most talented and devoted advocates, after an able address, was followed by a lawyer, who appealed to the lowest sentiments—was scurrilous and abusive in the superlative degree. Alluding to the colored race, he compared them to monkeys, baboons, and ourang-outangs. When he was about closing his inflammatory speech, Sojourner quietly drew near to the platform and whispered in the ear of the advocate of her people, "Don't dirty *your* hands wid dat critter. Let *me* 'tend to him!" The speaker knew it was safe to trust her. "Children," said she, straightening herself to her full height, "I am one of dem monkey tribes. I was born a slave. I had de dirty work to do—de scullion work. Now I am goin' to 'ply to dis critter"—pointing her long bony finger with withering scorn at the petty lawyer. "Now in de course of my time I has done a great deal of dirty scullion work, but of all de dirty work I ever done, dis is de scullionist and de dirtiest." Peering into the eyes of the auditory with just such a look as *she* could give, and that no one could imitate, she continued: "Now, children, don't you *pity* me?" She had taken the citadel by storm. The whole audience shouted applause, and the negro-haters as heartily as any.

I was present at a large religious convention. Love in the family had been portrayed in a manner to touch the better nature of the auditory. Just as the meeting was about to close, Sojourner stood up. Tears were coursing down her furrowed cheeks. She said: "We has heerd a great deal about love at home in de family. Now, children, I was a slave, and my husband and my children was sold from me." The pathos with which she utterred these words made a deep impression upon the meeting. Pausing a moment, she added: "Now, husband and children is *all* gone, and what has *'come* of de affection I had for dem? *Dat is de question before de house!*" The people smiled amidst a baptism of tears.

Let food and raiment be given her. There are many in the land who will be made richer by seeing that this noble woman shares their bounty; and then, when her Lord shall come to talk with her, and take her into His presence chamber, and shall say, "Sojourner, lacked thou anything?" she may answer, "Nothing, Lord, either for body or soul."

NEAR MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, 1863. J. A. D.

OBITUARY.

FARMERSVILLE, Catt. Co., N. Y., June 1st, 1863.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: In sorrow I must tell you of the sudden death of Miss CHARLOTTE L. HILL, at her home in West Goldsboro, Maine, at the age of 30, on May 21st, of diptheria. Rev. A. Battles communicates this sad intelligence. "At the close of a lovely Summer day, as the setting sun was flooding the Bay, the sloping fields and distant hills with a golden light, the Angel took her." You will not forget her at your house, her frank, blue eye, her benevolent brow and sincere manner, when three years ago, in New England Anti-Slavery Convention time, she made her only visit to Boston—a holy pilgrimage—to see and hear yourself and Wendell Phillips plead the cause of the slave. She had learned to reverence you, reading *The Liberator*. In the previous Autumn we made her acquaintance. The fulness and freshness of her love to the divine ideas of the Abolitionists attracted and rejoiced us exceedingly. She aided us generously in our own work through Washington County, Maine—introducing us to homes and welcome of those who make the world sweeter and richer evermore. Her father's farm-house has a sea-side seat. A sojourn there is replete with the peculiar charm of the romantic shores of Maine, Mrs. Stowe so finely pictures in her Pearl of Orr's Island. Charlotte loved this spot with enthusiasm. It made her very happy to have Summer guests admire it, especially when, as last year, they were persons of appreciative genius, like Nathaniel Hawthorne. And now the memory of her goodness embalms all the enchanting loveliness of nature around.

While her departure leaves a vacancy in the large and loving circle of family and friends, it is their consolation to believe that her sweet filial piety—noble affections—reverence for truth and right—aspirations after improvement—benevolent activities, have lost none of their unspeakable value; on them death hath no power. In this cherished faith we resign our dear friend to the infinitely wise Father, reverently trusting to join her again in successful efforts to accomplish the high ends of being. SALLIE HOLLEY.

[Most heartily do we endorse the tribute paid to the character and memory of the departed by Miss Holley. Hers was an active brain, a vital spirit, and a world-wide interest in the cause of liberty, progress, and suffering humanity. Her sudden removal is a severe loss to all who knew her; to her it cannot be otherwise than a gain. *Requiescat in pace!*]—*Ed. Lib.*

BLAIR'S SPEECH.—We have copied in its appropriate place the preëminently foolish speech lately delivered in Concord, N. H., by Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General, and in another place the review thereof by Mr. Garrison. What could be more unprovoked and ill-timed at the present crisis than such an attack upon Wendell Phillips and the Abolitionists? The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* well says:

"The President expresses his regret that negro enlistments do not proceed faster, and his Postmaster General goes to New Hampshire, and encourages negro recruiting by promising the negroes that they shall be expatriated if they win the victory, their conquered rebel masters meanwhile being allowed to remain on the soil of the South which the blacks have fairly earned! Can an Administration which so outrages common sense and common humanity complain if in its day of trial it is left naked to its enemies, the Copperheads? If Blair's speech were not so monstrous, it would be the most ludicrous speech ever printed. I wonder if he thinks public opinion in New England has got no further along than it has in the worst regions of Southern Indiana? Why, Blairism is in a pitiful minority in St. Louis, and probably also in Maryland? Five or six years ago, when Maryland was thoroughly proslavery, and no man dared to talk anti-slavery, a proposition was made to send the free colored population out of the State, and the Legislature refused, expressly on the ground that that population could not be spared; so much wealth, muscle, power, was indispensable to the prosperity of the State. If Mr. Lincoln has sent Blair to this region for the purpose of arranging the campaign of 1864, he had better recall him, or change his programme. The President and Blair are probably proceeding on the idea that the thoroughly loyal people of the enlightened States will stand anything, so it is only necessary to conciliate the Copperheads and pewter heads and wooden heads of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Indiana, who constitute so large a proportion of the voting force of those States. But opinion changes fast in these times, and before November, 1864 the changes will be towards radical anti-slavery, rather than from it, as indeed they have been for the last two years."

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.—We mentioned last week that the journal of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia as the wife of the proprieter (Pierce Butler) was about to be published by Harper and Brothers. "The Lounger" of *Harper's Weekly* (G. W. Curtis, Esq.) says:

"It is the most thrilling and remarkable picture of the interior social life of the slaveholding section in this country that has ever been published. Our previous accounts of that life have been derived from outside observers, either sagacious and philosophic travellers and students like Olmsted, or from the English and other foreign tourists who were made to see only what the slaveholders chose; or, again, from the rosy stories told by slaveholders themselves, or by 'Southside' sympathizers. But this Journal of Mrs. Kemble was jotted down from day to day as she lived upon the plantation of which she was mistress. There is no excuse, no palliation of facts, but the whole system is laid bare and quivering before the eye. So faithful and final a witness we have not had. Even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is only founded upon fact. The Journal of Mrs. Kemble is the fact itself. And thus day by day, from the most unexpected quarters and the most impartial witnesses, the terrible truth is told that this rebellion, to secure and perpetuate slavery, is an insurrection against human nature itself. The book will be published at the earliest possible moment, and will be as savagely denounced and denied by the rebels and their friends as it will be heartily welcomed by every intelligent, humane, and loyal man in the land and the world."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY enters upon its fourth volume with the number for July. The contents comprise a leading article on "Emancipation in Jamaica"; "Abijah Witherpee's Retreat," a story; Chapter third of "Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm"; "Mrs. Rabothem's Party," a satirical poem; "Diary of Frances Krasinska," translated for this magazine; "The Ladies' Loyal League"; "West of the Mississippi"; "The Cavalier Theory Refuted"; "The Early Arbutus," a poem; "The Third Year of the War"; some chapters of the story "Was he Successful?" "The Chicago and other Canals"; "Woman"; "Literary Notices," and "Editor's Table."

The article on Emancipation in Jamaica is a fair summary of the truth on that subject. Its spirit and its conclusions are epitomized in the following extract:

"In a word, in the time of slavery, Jamaica was simply an aggregation of sugar and coffee mills, kept running by a stream of human blood. Now it is a land whose inhabitants are free to live for themselves and for God, to enjoy the gifts of His hand, and to send into the market of the world, not a surplus which has cost one hundred hecatombs of men each year, but a surplus which has cost no life, but whose rich fruits come back to cheer and adorn thousands of lives. Commerce may have lost by the change, and there may be some jewels the less in the coronets of the English nobility, but we may be permitted to believe that Christ and humanity have no reason to grieve."

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

On Monday the country was startled by the announcement that Gen. Hooker had been relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, and that Gen. George G. Meade had been appointed to fill his place. It is rumored that the removal or resignation, whichever it was, was the effect of a difference between Hooker and Halleck. Meade stands high in the army, and great confidence is felt in his ability.

Our readers will not look to us for details of the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania and of the movements made to repel the enemy. The unaccountable apathy of the people of the Keystone State has passed away, and the most energetic measures of defence have been adopted. Troops are rallying to Harrisburg and other exposed points to resist the advance of the enemy, while the army of the Potomac has been pushed forward to the best points for cutting off his retreat. It is hoped that Lee's army may be crushed, but past experience does not allow us to be so sure of this as we could wish. That there will shortly be a great battle on the soil of Pennsylvania or Maryland there is not much room for doubt. God grant that the forces of the North may win a decisive victory.

The clergymen of Philadelphia held a meeting on Monday, and offered their services to the authorities to work on the fortifications of the city. The bulls and bears of the Board of Brokers also resolved to adjourn early in the afternoon, to give members an opportunity to drill.

The rebels no longer menace Harrisburg. The Army of the Potomac, under its new commander, Gen. Meade, was in rapid motion on Monday and Tuesday. Its progress on Monday was such as to relieve the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from rebel cavalry, and to restore telegraphic communication with Frederick. A dispatch from Harrisburg expresses the belief, entertained by the authorities there, that Lee was on Tuesday engaged in concentrating his forces on the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, between Shippensburg and Chambersburg, in anticipation of an attack by the Army of the Potomac. Ewell's corps, however, was still in front of Harrisburg until Tuesday evening, when it retreated, and is known to have gone beyond Carlisle. A rebel infantry force was seen Tuesday morning about fourteen miles from Harrisburg, moving toward the city, but nothing was subsequently heard from it. On Monday, four hundred of our cavalry, lately under command of Gen. Milroy, had a fight with Imboden's cavalry at McConnellsburg, defeating them and driving them through the town. The rebels lost three killed and thirty-three prisoners. The damage on our side was two men wounded.

One of the most daring and least successful exploits of the war came off at Portland on Friday night, 26th ult. The United States revenue-cutter Caleb Cushing, which had been for some time in that harbor, was missed on Saturday morning. She was provisioned and armed for a two-months' cruise. Two steamers, the Chesapeake and Forest City, were at once sent to find her, and soon found her. The cutter made fight, firing half a dozen shots at the Forest City, but doing no damage. The Chesapeake having come up, it was determined to board the Cushing. That vessel, finding escape impossible, was abandoned by the crew, set on fire, and soon after blew up. All the crew were captured, when it became known that they were the former crew of the famous pirate Tacony; that having learned of the preparations made for their capture, and deeming escape next to impossible, they had put their property aboard a small schooner, one not likely to be suspected, and burned the Tacony—at least, so they say. They then steered for Portland, with the intention of getting possession of this revenue-cutter, with which to make another piratical cruise. The rebel pirates numbered twenty-three, commanded by Lieut. C. W. Reed. It was their intention to destroy all the shipping in port, including the two new gunboats there being built. There is a story that one boat, carrying ten pirates, escaped, but this is doubtful.

Though the southern Counties of Pennsylvania have offered no resistance to the invader, they are undergoing a severe fleecing. Mr. David Small, the Chief Burgess of York, and editor of the intensely Copperhead York *Gazette*, went eight miles last Saturday to find a rebel force to accept the surrender of his borough, on condition that *private property should be respected.* When the rebels found themselves in full possession of said borough, they levied on it for some $200,000 worth of cash and eatables, and wouldn't take their own Confederate shinplasters—not they!—they turned up their noses at such trash, and insisted on having the real greenbacks. If York don't hand over the amount of this little assessment, the rebels will help themselves, and keep their own tally! We don't think another Copperhead Burgess will travel over six miles in quest of a rebel force to accept the surrender of his borough.

Martial law was proclaimed in Baltimore on Tuesday. The city is now considered in a perfect state of defence, the fortifications all having been completed.

The army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, commenced an advance upon Bragg on the 24th ult. The enemy made considerable resistance, but it was unavailing. The rebels lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners in the skirmishes. Gen Reynolds, at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, occupied Manchester, late Gen. Bragg's headquarters, and at 6 p.m., Gen. Granger occupied Shelbyville, where our forces were received with various demonstrations of welcome—the Stars and Stripes being displayed from a number of houses. Our headquarters remained at Manchester on Sunday, and two divisions were sent toward Tullahoma, to which place Bragg had retreated, to reconnoitre. They ascertained that the rebel wagon trains were being sent across the Elk River at Estelle Springs, eight miles south of Tullahoma, and it was feared that Bragg was about to fall back to Chattanooga. Every effort would be made, however, to force him to fight at Tullahoma.

We have news from Vicksburg to the morning of the 26th. The siege was steadily progressing, but the firing had somewhat slackened in consequence of the heat. On the 25th fighting continued all day, and at night one of the rebel forts was blown up by a mine laid by our men. A breach was made in the walls, through which our men entered. The rebels fought savagely, but were driven back, and Gen. Logan had mounted two heavy guns in the abandoned works.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

RETALIATION.

The slaughter of the negro troops by the rebels in the battle at Milliken's Bend has induced Gen. Grant to issue an order declaring that hereafter, should any soldier, whether white or black, wearing the uniform of a United States soldier, be captured and executed, retaliatory measures will be adopted by him, and rebel soldiers in his hands will be treated in like manner.—*Times.*

INTERRUPTING THE "SOCIAL MACHINERY"!

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, describing Col. Montgomery's raid on the Combahee river, at the head of his black troops, says: "The surprise was complete, interrupting without ceremony the social machinery of the Southerners. Thus, at one field a negro was being led to the stake to receive his lashes when the boats were descried, and the poor fellow, shouting 'Yanks coming, Massa!' fled one way and his master the other. Col. Hayward incontinently skedaddled, leaving a fine horse for Col. Montgomery, and a pair of silver-mounted holsters and pistols. The planters were filled with consternation, and could only say, as they looked in wonder upon the black avengers, 'Them audacious niggers!' The spectacle among the liberated slaves was unique, but indescribable. Families, parted for months, and perhaps for years by a cruel system, now met to part no more. One old man went bowing to every white face, with streaming eyes and clasped hands, crying, 'Bress de Lord; de day hab come at last—de day hab come at last.' And the day has indeed come at last; let every freeman hail it."

FIENDISH DOINGS OF THE REBELS.

From The New York Times.

In addition to all former rebel atrocities, we have lately had new instances of genuinely fiendish doings of the rebels. Our correspondent from the Mississippi squadron states that rebel correspondence captured at Simmsport showed that 200 negroes were recently slain in cold blood at Franklin, La., by the rebel soldiers. At the late fight at Milliken's Bend the rebels killed outright the negro military prisoners whom they took: and again, at Port Hudson, the rebels hung a negro soldier whom they captured. These atrocities were all in the far South. The cooler sun of Virginia and Maryland has not as yet looked upon such scenes to our knowledge. But the rebel cavalry which has been raiding through the villages of Pennsylvania and Maryland for the last fortnight have every where sent or carried off, not horses and cattle, not boots, drugs and provisions alone, but every black man, woman and child upon whom they could lay hands—and as everyone knows, they have not carried them off as prisoners of war, to be paroled and exchanged, but as chattels, to be sold into slavery.

Now, we shall not appeal to the civilized world or raise the cry of no quarter. Those who are brutal enough to steal men and make slaves of them care nothing whatever for the civilized world; and we are not barbarous enough to raise the cry which leaps so frequently to the lips of rebels.

But we demand of the government, and we urge upon our generals everywhere, not to let such things pass unnoticed. The first instance should be met firmly and with decision. It will be much more easily disposed of now than at any later period. They should take measures at once to learn accurately the facts, that there be no dispute about the basis of our action hereafter, and then for every negro soldier who has been butchered in cold blood, after being taken prisoner, the law applicable to such case should be put in force, or at the very least, the rebels should understand that that is to be our law hereafter—and for every black man carried off from Pennsylvania or Maryland a rebel should be captured and held as a hostage in close confinement.

COLORED TROOPS ON THE GEORGIA COAST.

From The Port Royal New South, June 20.

In a previous issue, we gave an account of a successful expedition of Col. Montgomery's Second South Carolina Volunteers up the Combahee River; and this week we have particulars of other important operations on the coast of Georgia, by this regiment and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, also colored, and recently arrived in the department. They are encamped on St. Simon's Island, the Second South Carolina at a place called Gascoign's Bluff, and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts at a spot called Fredericka. There they find good water and air, and rumor says they have no trouble in getting their requisitions filled for fresh meat of all kinds, with some articles not usually found on commissarys' lists.

On Monday, June 8, Col. Montgomery took five companies of his regiment on a reconnoissance up the Turtle River, in the steamers John Adams, Harriet A. Weed, conveyed by the gunboat Paul Jones. They drove several parties of rebels from rifle-pits with shell, on the way up the river, including a force which held the City of Brunswick. The latter swept the Paul Jones with a volley of bullets from their rifle-pits, and some on board had narrow escapes, but none were hurt. The town was not burned, as it is understood to be largely owned by people at the North. The Paul Jones returned after it was found that the rebels had all left Brunswick, but the transports kept on up the river a distance in all of 15 miles, and as far as their draft would allow. Capts. Apthorp and Adams, with six men, then proceeded a mile further on, in a small boat, under cover of the guns of the steamer, and destroyed the whole span of the Brunswick Railroad bridge, across Buffalo Creek, the north fork of the Turtle River. On their return they were fired into by a party in ambush on shore. Capt. Apthorp got a bullet through his coat-tail, and one negro received a flesh wound in the back of the arm. In the meantime, another party went ashore to a plantation house, and captured a couple of sabres, one very ancient, with some other articles.

On the following Thursday, early in the morning, Col. Montgomery went on an expedition up the Altamaha River, taking with him five companies of his own regiment, eight companies of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, under Col. Shaw, and a section of the Third Rhode Island artillery, under Capt. Brayton in the steamers Sentinel, Harriet A. Weed and John Adams, again conveyed by the Paul Jones. The Sentinel got aground, intentionally on the part of some of her officers, as is charged, and the expedition was much delayed; then the John Adams ran upon a shoal, and finally the gunboat found it impossible, on account of her length, to pass a short bend in the channel. By these delays the plantation people had opportunity to drive all their slaves back into the country, so that one object of the trip was lost. A party of rebels in rifle-pits, who were holding the town of Darien, were driven off with shells, the troops landed, and the town was burned, all the buildings destroyed except some lumber works, supposed to be owned at the North, about which was a large quantity of lumber. The gunboat went no further, but the transports kept on, and having got information from a contraband that the schooner Pet was lying in a creek, four miles above, proceeded there and captured her. She had 55 bales of cotton on board, with other merchandise of value, and was to have run the blockade that night, bound for England *via* Nassau. As the transports approached the rebels were seen arranging inflammables to burn the schooner, and were just about firing them, when some shells dispersed them in very short metre, and saved the prize. A flat, with twenty-five bales of cotton, was discovered just below, and some extensive cotton and other storehouses burned, the contents of which could not be removed. The negro who gave the information about the schooner had been employed in loading her. He waited very demurely till he got his pay for the work, and then promptly deserted to our side. The next morning the expedition returned to St. Simon's Island, and Col. Montgomery has since paid a visit here, bringing up with him the prize schooner. She will be discharged, and will then probably run as a dispatch boat between here and St. Simon's.

OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS 55TH.

The Springfield *Republican* says that commissions to officers in the Massachusetts 55th have been issued as follows: George T. Garrison, of Boston, to be 2d lieutenant; 2d lieutenant Charles E. Grant, of Boston, to be captain; private Frank Goodwin, of Boston (44th regiment), to be 1st lieutenant; 2d lieutenant Charles P. Bowditch, of Boston, to be 1st lieutenant; 2d lieutenant Edward S. Stimpson, of Salem, to be 1st lieutenant; private James D. Thurber, of Plymouth (13th regiment), to be 2d lieutenant; William D. Crane, of Boston (44th regiment), to be captain; John Gordon (24th regiment), to be captain; Dennis H. Jones, of Boston (44th regiment), to be 1st lieutenant.

Sergeant Robert James Hamilton, of Springfield, of the 34th, to be captain; private George M. Woodward, of Worcester, of the 44th, to be 1st lieutenant; Dorrence Messenger, of Peterboro, N. Y., to be second lieutenant; second lieutenant William H. Torrey, of Foxboro, to be 1st lieutenant; second lieutenant Wyllys Gannet, of St. Louis, Mo., to be 1st lieutenant; second lieutenant Robertson James, of Newport, R. I., to be 1st lieutenant; John O. Mowry, of Athol, of the 27th, to be second lieutenant; Joseph T. Nichols, of Royalston, of the 25th, to be second lieutenant.

COLORED REGIMENTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Interesting Correspondence.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington:—On behalf of the citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity, the undersigned respectfully request you to issue the proper authorization for immediately raising three regiments of Volunteers of COLORED MEN, from this part of Pennsylvania, for the war. The undersigned are happy to be able to state that, in their judgment, such action on your part would be gladly welcomed and earnestly sustained by a vast majority of their loyal fellow-citizens, and that the invitation to volunteer for the defence of the Union, would be responded to with zeal and alacrity by the colored men of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned would respectfully suggest that should you conclude to issue the instruction which they urge, that you order Fort Mifflin, or some other suitable place, to be prepared for the reception of the volunteers as fast as they may enlist; that none but colored non-commissioned officers be allowed to canvass for recruits, and that no individual, no clique nor distinct set of politicians, be exclusively intrusted with this matter. It is the whole people who urge this action, and all classes should be charged with its support. Finally, the undersigned assure you, that they are willing to undertake the collection of whatsoever funds may be necessary to defray extraordinary expenses for recruiting not allowed by the government, and in every other honorable and disinterested way give their hearty efforts towards raising these regiments of colored men *for the war.*

Leaving the whole question of officering these recruits to you, with no suggestions whatever on that head, the undersigned solicit an early decision on this memorial.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1863.

Thos. Webster,	Geo. A. Coffey,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Chas. Gibbons,
W. D. Lewis,	Saunders Lewis,
W. C. Kechmle,	Morton McMichael,
Wm. D. Kelley,	C. H. Clark,
W. H. Kern,	A. Birgfeld,
W. H. Ashurst,	E. G. Andrews,

And hundreds more.

Mr. Stanton's Reply.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1863.

THOMAS WEBSTER, ESQ.: The petition of the citizens of Philadelphia for authority to raise three regiments of colored volunteers has been received by this Department, and the proper orders have been issued for raising the troops. The views of the Department will be explained to you by Major Stearns.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

At a meeting subsequently, the following Executive Committee was appointed to superintend and pay the expenses of recruiting colored troops:

Thomas Webster, W. H. Ashurst, E. Randolph, N. B. Browne, A. E. Borie, Wm. D. Kelley, George H. Boker, J. Miller McKim, Caleb. H. Needles, Wm. R. Wistar, Thos. J. Megear, Henry Samuel, Henry C. Rowell, B. F. Keimer, George T. Thorn, Enoch R. Hutchinson, William M. Tilghman, A. H. Franciscus, Cadwalader Biddle, Samuel S. White, Wm. P. Stotesbury, George M. Conarroe, George Turner, Jr., John McAllister, Abraham Baker, A. G. Cattell.

Major Stearns makes Philadelphia his headquarters, but we understand he is to raise recruits anywhere in the North.

FROM NEWBERN, N. C.

Newbern, Wednesday, June 24, 1863.—In order to secure the families of colored troops in this department from all danger of recapture by the enemy, and for the purpose of educating and giving them permanent homes, Maj.-Gen. Foster has recently formed an extensive colony for them on the fertile grounds of Roanoke Island, where they have all the advantages of civilization.

Chaplain Horace James, the popular and energetic Superintendent of Contrabands, leaves here to-day for Boston and New York, to obtain by contribution a steam saw and grist mill, and other necessary materials for the colony.

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN LOUISIANA.

Order of Brigadier-General Ullmann.

HEADQUARTERS, BRIG.-GEN. ULLMANN,
NEW ORLEANS, June 10, 1863.

General Orders No. 7. * * II. The General Commanding brings to the particular notice of the officers of this command, that they are engaged, by orders of the government, in a special, peculiar and difficult service They have been selected as possessing qualities which, it is supposed, eminently qualify them for this duty. namely: Accurate knowledge of the drill, long experience in the field, patience, diligence and patriotism. They will find the constant exercise of all these qualities necessary.

You are brought into contact with a race, who, having lived in an abnormal condition all the days of their lives, are now suddenly elevated into being soldiers of the United States, fighting against their oppressors, as well for their own liberties as for the integrity of the Republic. They are to be moulded by you into drilled and well-disciplined troops. You cannot display too much wisdom in your conduct, both as regards yourselves and them. *Let the law of kindness be your guide.* Thus acting, you will soon obtain their confidence; you will then find them docile, impressionable (one of the highest attributes of a soldier), possessed of a deep appreciation of kindly treatment, and of keen perceptions, which enable them quickly to discover any flaw in the conduct of their superiors.

You have the materials, crude though they now may be, but perfectly malleable, to make the best of soldiers. It remains with you to say whether such shall be the result. Perform your duty conscientiously, and our beloved and once happy country will not only have a body of soldiers, who will enthusiastically aid her in fighting her battles, but she will also have the proud satisfaction of knowing that she has, at last, taken a practical step towards the elevation of a hitherto degraded and oppressed race.

III. The General Commanding learns that the malignant enemies of the Union and the people of the United States, are busily engaged in endeavoring to persuade the colored population of the South, that if they recruit as soldiers in the armies of the Republic, they will, at the close of thewar, be returned to slavery by the government.

It is to be expected, in this unholy war between truth and falsehood—humanity and oppression—justice and injustice—freedom and slavery—regulated liberty and unrestrained despotism, that the atrocious instigators of this foul and unnatural rebellion, together with their secret aiders and sympathizers, who have the oath of allegiance on their lips and treason in their hearts, should, to sustain themselves, resort to every device which the arch enemy of mankind suggests to their willing minds.

Let not the colored men of the South be deceived by anything that may be said by those who are at once their, and the Union's foes.

The General Commanding, therefore, directs, his officers of all grades to assure every colored man whom they recruit, that if he shall, by virtue of the authority delegated to the General, be regularly enlisted into the service of the United States, and shall bear himself as a true and faithful soldier until the end of the term of his enlistment, he has the sacred honor of the United States pledged, that the whole power of this government, moral and physical, shall be exerted to secure to him and to his posterity for ever the inestimable blessings of freedom.

It is not in the power of the General government, under the Constitution, to remand a single human being, once freed, to slavery, "otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Beside, this war, in its consequences, has reached a point beyond the power of man. The first gun that was fired at Fort Sumter sounded the death knell of slavery. They who fired it were the greatest practical Abolitionists this nation has produced. The decree went forth from that hour that slavery should quickly cease to exist on this North American Continent.

Come, then, colored men of the South, enlist in the armies of the United States. Your brethren at Port Hudson have shown to the world that they can and will fight, and have displayed as dauntless courage as ever illuminated a battle-field. Emulate their noble example, and fight under the glorious banner of the Republic, which will be to you, in the great future, as it has been in the past to millions of the white race, the symbol of every temporal blessing.

Truth, Justice and God are on our side. They will prevail.

By command of DANIEL ULLMANN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.
MOSES C. BROWN, Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE PORT ROYAL COLORED TROOPS.

Washington, June 30.—Authentic information from Port Royal proves that the acts of Col. Montgomery are not attributable to the ferocity and want of discipline of the troops under his command. The colored soldiers are uniformly found to be docile and to obey strictly orders to refrain from pillage. Col. Montgomery's proceedings are unauthorized by the authorities here.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

CONTRABANDS AT HARRISBURG.

There are in Harrisburg some eighteen hundred contrabands who have fled before the rebel advances from Chambersburg to this point. They consist mainly of women and children, and are quartered in the Court House and other places. Rations of bacon are served out to them daily by the authorities. The men who came in have for the most part been put to work on the fortifications.

THE PROTECTION OF COLORED TROOPS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Washington, June 22.—Senator Sumner is to present to the President to morrow a memorial from highly-respected citizens of Massachusetts, asking from the government an authoritative declaration of a purpose to protect its colored soldiers, and to avenge the barbarous treatment threatened them; and a letter from Gov. Andrew endorsing the memorialists and joining in the prayer heartily. I subjoin the memorial and letter, together with Gov. Andrew's letter to Senator Sumner requesting him to present them:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, June 18, 1863.

Hon. CHAS. SUMNER, *U. S. Senate.*

SIR: I enclose to you a memorial concerning Federal protection for colored troops, and also a letter addressed by me to the President in support of it. May I ask you to present them to the President, and to urge the subject upon his attention? I am sure that your interest, in the prayer of the memorialists—aside from their own high character—will cause you to press the matter until some authoritative proclamation of the President's purpose to protect our troops is gained.

I am faithfully and truly, yours, etc., etc.,
JOHN A. ANDREW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, June, 17, 1863.

To the President of the United States.

SIR: I most respectfully and earnestly present to your attention the annexed original of a communication received by me on a subject of the utmost importance, and I invoke for those immediately concerned therein the amplest protection which a public and unequivocal proclamation of the purpose of the Executive government of the United States may be able to impart.

The publication of a proper avowal of the government's purpose to punish promptly, unhesitatingly, and in every instance according to the rights of war, every infringment of the rights of the class of soldiers to which this memorial refers will be a powerful shield for their defense. I doubt not the purpose and will of the President, but the moral influence of its clear avowal remains to be secured.

Allow me to add that the names attached to this communication are among the most eminent in our community for every quality of intellectual and moral distinction and merit.

I have the honor to remain, sir, with highest respect, your obedient servant, JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.

"*To his Excellency* JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

"The undersigned, friends, kinsmen, and neighbors of Massachusetts officers commissioned over negro troops, respectfully request your Excellency to use in their behalf your influence with the Federal government.

"We learn from the newspapers that the rebel Congress has passed an act decreeing death to captured officers of negro troops, and the surrender of captured negroes in arms to the rebel States authorities to be dealt with according to the law of those States.

"We know the character of the rebel leaders; we know also the vigor of their executive policy. We cannot doubt, therefore, the prompt enforcement of such an act whenever captures shall afford the opportunity, unless arrested by action equally vigorous and equally prompt on the part of the Federal government. Fear is the only motive to be relied upon in restraint of this threatened barbarity.

"We need not press upon your Excellency the primary importance, the sacred duty, of securing to those troops and their officers the same treatment and the same protection as is enjoyed by white troops; but we deem it a matter of urgent necessity, as a pledge to them and a warning to the rebels, that the President of the United States himself should, as soon as the reported action of the rebel government is authenticated, by emphatic and unequivocal proclamation or order published throughout the whole land, declare such protection to the one and such penalty to the other as will bind our enemy to the just laws of war.

"In seeking such action from the President, we express no opinion as to the original policy of enrolling blacks in our National army, and we repudiate being actuated by revenge for injuries threatened by the enemy on our troops. We simply wish to deter that enemy from outrages wholly unjustified by the usages of modern warfare.

"To this end, we respectfully ask your early and earnest intervention with the President in favor of brave and faithful officers, and in behalf of those soldiers to whose fortunes they have linked their own.

"Henry Lee, G. Higginson, Jas. Savage, Wm. B. Rodgers, James Jackson, J. P. Higginson, Geo. B. Emerson, Charles D. Head, T. H. Perkins, J. Sparks, Charles Elliot Morton, Francis James Child, Eastes Howe, Waldo Higginson, Edward Jackson, C. K Lowell, O. W. Holmes, L. Brown Russell, G. A. Shaw, Quincey A. Shaw, P. S. Jackson, Chas. S. Storrow, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, R. P. Hallowell, Edward Atkinson, John W. Sullivan, F. E. Wild, E. Browne Dill, Chas. Heath, Geo. Baty Blake, Geo. Livermore, W. D. Ticknor, Wm. I. Bowditch, Francis Cabot."

From The Tribune of Tuesday.

Col. Ludlow, who discharges with ability the difficult duties of Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, has notified the rebel authorities that the United States government will protect all officers and men in its service, without regard to color, and will promptly retaliate for all violations of the cartel, and the laws and usages of war. The notice is of course by order of the government and is rightly and properly given: still it does not cover the whole case in such a way as to put all possible and plausible violations of it beyond question. Jefferson Davis promulgated his savage threat by proclamation; which was official notice to all commanders under him to govern themselves accordingly, and was, besides, a public declaration to the rest of the world. It ought to be met by an equally solemn declaration from this government, for the want of which some horrible slaughter may yet begin that it will not be easy to arrest. The government has been urged again and again, not only in these columns but by journals all over the country and by numerous private appeals, to announce its policy unequivocally. The desired policy is manifestly adopted, and is thus partially and incompletely made known to the rebel authorities. Why will not the government once for all proclaim it so that henceforth there shall be no possibility of cavil and no excuse for mistake?

Summary.

The proprietors of the Dayton *Journal*, whose printing office was lately sacked by a mob, are being reimbursed for their loss by a military assessment on the parties by whom the riot was instigated and directed.

A "NIGGER-HATER" BANISHED.—Secretary Chase, upon being informed that a certain clerk in the Sixth Auditor's Office, had expressed the hope that if Lee did come into Washington, he would kill every "nigger and every man who helped in the organization of nigger regiments," summarily dismissed him.

The Ohio State election takes place in October. Those who fancy that Vallandigham stands a chance of being chosen Governor, must take into their calculation the fact that all Ohio soldiers in the army are allowed to vote. There are eighty thousand of them, and the extinguished Copperhead will get very few of *their* votes.

Gov. Tod, of Ohio, has issued a proclamation warning the Copperheads of that State to forbear resistance to the enrollment, and return to their homes. He says: "The government, both of the State and Nation, must and shall be maintained. Do not indulge the belief for a moment that there is not a power at hand to compel obedience to what I now require of you. Time cannot be given you for schemes or machinations of any kind whatever."

A complete narrative of the rebellion, from May, 1860, to the battle of Stone Bridge, January, 1863, written by a Southern Union man, has been placed at the disposal of the editor of *The Rebellion Record* for publication. It is well written, and has very little of the partisan spirit exhibited by most of the Southern historians. If published it will form a valuable part of *The Rebellion Record.*

VALUE OF NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—The Columbia (Boone County) *Statesman* reports a sale of eight negroes at that place on the 18th inst. They belonged to N. W. Wilson, and were sold under deed of trust. They were all likely negroes, and young, and brought in the aggregate $1,493. Before the rebellion broke out any one of the adults in the lot would have brought more money than the whole realized.

On a recent Sunday, as Rev. Mr. Jones of Canaan, N. Y., was about to baptize several candidates for admission to his Church, he found that one candidate had not been so thoroughly converted as to believe slavery to be a sin. The elder asked him as he stepped into the water if he believed slavery to be a sin. "No," he replied, "I think it a Divine institution." "Then," said the elder, "you can't be baptized here."

WOMEN DELEGATES.—In the published proceedings of a Western New York Universalist Association, we observe that at least three women appeared as delegates. True, they were in each case accompanied by their husbands, also delegates, and none of them were given places on any committees, but they were present as delegates duly accredited. We therefore make a note of it as indicating progress in the right direction.—*Herald of Progress.*

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—The correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from the Capital of Missouri June 21, says: "We were yesterday shown a letter received by a member of the Convention, in which it was stated that recently a company of negroes from Kansas, armed with shot-guns and pistols, made their appearance in Henry County, and emancipated all the negroes they could find, taking off several hundred to Kansas. Among the armed company were noticed a number of those who had once been slaves."

CONTRABAND FARMS.—It will be remembered that we mentioned some time ago that the government had made arrangements to place all the able-bodied contrabands on the abandoned farms lying south of the Potomac, known as "Arlington," for the purpose of tilling the soil. This project was carried into successful operation, and there are now seven farms in a high state of cultivation. These contrabands are protected by a mounted force, and their moral and spiritual wants are also attended to by the superintendent.—*Washington Republican.*

LIBERIA.—At the election for President of Liberia, on the 5th of May, Daniel B. Warner, of Montserrado Co., was chosen President for two years, and James W. Priest, of Sinoe Co., was chosen Vice-President. The choice was directly by the people, in their several Counties. Mr. Warner was born in Baltimore in 1816, went to Liberia in 1823, and was a schoolmate with President Benson. He has a cotton and coffee farm on the Junk River, and was acting President during the visit of President Benson to Europe in the Summer of 1862. Mr. Priest is Senator from Sinoe Co., and Judge of the Quarterly Court for that County.

CURIOUS PATRIOTS.—The Peace Democrats of Pennsylvania passed resolutions denouncing the war policy of the government, but failed to denounce the armed invasion of the State by the rebels.

They also denounced the employment of negroes, while at that very hour stout negro arms were building, within sight of the place where this Convention met, fortifications for the defence of the Capital, and a company of colored citizens from Philadelphia, embracing men of character and means, were asking at the hands of Gen. Couch permission to fight for the preservation of the lives and property of these very "Democrats."—*Herald of Progress.*

The following exact copy of an order for a Copperhead book, "Mahony's Prisoner of State," shows about the average intelligence of men of this persuasion:

"JUNE THE 1863
CONCORD BUDA BUREAU CO ILL

"Dear sur pleas send mee to copys off mohonys great book.

"the democrats are agitting waked up out here, give me liberty or give me deth.

"direct to Concord Buda Bureau Co Ill
"yours with due respect
"ELBRIDGE STEVENS.

"Ps you wish agents iff I can due eney thing for you I will due it."

THE CROP PROSPECT in Massachusetts is very good indeed. The warm weather of May started all kinds of vegetation finely, and the month of June, with the exception of being a little too dry, has favored without forcing the crops. Hay generally turns out well and is of excellent quality. Grains never looked more promising. Vegetables are a little backward, but will yield well. The crop of apples and pears will be considerably less than that of last year, when there was a surplus. Cherries are very abundant. The grapevines are overloaded with young fruit, and the yield must be immense, if there is no drawback. Strawberries have been somewhat injured by the dry weather, but are still very abundant. Peaches are used up in this State, and it is doubtful whether any further attempt to cultivate them will be made.—*Springfield Republican.*

BEWARE OF THE DELILAHS OF SECESSIA.—We learn that on Wednesday night last two officers of Gen. Hooker's staff went beyond the picket lines to visit some charming Southern ladies and have not yet returned. Some anxiety being felt for them, on Thursday afternoon messengers were sent to the residence of the fair ones, and returned with the information that while the officers were making themselves agreeable to the ladies, a party of guerillas surrounded the house and tore them away from their charmers. They are now in Richmond, no doubt, where they will have ample time to lament the miserable folly that led them into the trap that has already caught a number of soft-pated officers. The names of these gentlemen, as reported to us, are Major Sterling, formerly of Gen. Butterfield's staff, and Capt. Fisher, signal officer.—*Washington Republican.*

ANECDOTE.—The Hon. Erastus Corning, President of the New York Central Railway, notwithstanding his remarkable activity, is lame. He was one day hobbling over the railway track, at Albany, when an Irishman, who was placed to guard the track, sang out, with marked Celtic accent, "Will ye leave the track?" Mr. Corning smiled inwardly and stumbled on, when the Irishman again cried, "Begone, ye stumbling high-binder, or the 11.30 Express will be fornent ye, and Mister Corning will have to pay for ye the full price of a well man with two legs." This was too much for "Old Central"; he yielded the track in good time for the 11.30 Express, and sent a reward and a commendation to the faithful watchman, who had never once suspected the position of the "stumbling high-binder."

MR. GIDDINGS ON FLORIDA.—The South is engaged in a war for slavery and its concomitants, and we are fighting to sustain a government which, once reluctantly accepting slavery, is now compelled by the mere instinct of self-preservation to put it down. While thus engaged it may nerve us to new effort to look back and see what this insidious guest, this tolerated intruder has cost us, nowhere better exemplified than in the history of the Florida war. The able work of Joshua R. Giddings upon the Florida Exiles is very properly reprinted at this time, in cheap paper covers that fit it for the knapsack of the soldier, the valise of the traveller, and the pockets of all. The work needs no recommendation but the writer's name. He is well known as an old-time champion of freedom, a vigorous writer, and an upright and an honorable man. In reading his book it is a comfort to reflect that into such an unworthy contest as he describes we can never be drawn again.

DISCOURGING ENLISTMENTS.—If Vallandigham has been justly put over the lines for discouraging enlistments, what shall be done with Montgomery Blair, who thus throws the wet blanket on the black men who are invited to enlist in the national forces?

"But while the free States of the North thus excluded the manumitted slaves from their soil, avowing the abhorrent feeling of *caste* as an insuperable bar to the association on any terms, much less of equality, how could it be asked of the Southern States that this excommunicated race, surrendered by them as slaves, should be retained, nevertheless, among them, and admitted as equals and as partners in political power, in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws even of the Northern States, which brand them with the badge of inferiority and political disability?"

To say nothing against the lying slander against some of the free States and the venerated Constitution, how much aid from the four million of the black people will the government get by preaching such a doctrine as this? "You have no rights under the Constitution, my black fellow-countrymen," says the Postmaster-General; "enlist and help us whip our rascally rebels, and then we will banish you." Do any but idiots wonder that Pennsylvania is threatened, and that Maryland, including Washington, stands a chance of being conquered by Lee in the next sixty days?—*Commonwealth.*

A DRESS REFORM CONVENTION was lately held at Rochester. Dr. J. C. Jackson opened the session by an address in support of the views of the class of reformers by whom the Convention was called. He was followed by Mrs. Lydia Hasbrouck, M.D., of Middletown, N. Y., who attacked the present style of dress as unfitting woman for every sphere in which she acted, whether as a mother or as a patriot. Mrs. Lydia A. Trowbridge, M.D., of Cortland, advocated the improved costume, as worn by herself. She had discovered that in order to have health she must discard what pleased men in this respect. If woman followed the fashion, it would drag her down, down. At the evening session, Mrs. Harriet V. Austin, M.D., of Dansville, was announced as the orator. There being a large assemblage, with some symptoms of disturbance among spectators, the police were in attendance. Hoopskirts she attacked ruthlessly. Death exulted over the prevalent ideas of dress among women, such as tight shoes, tight lacing, and a thousand others equally destructive to health. She had seen enough of such women to approve of her present dress, and no persecution that could be bestowed upon her would make her desert it. She asserted that only one-quarter of the power was necessary to be exerted to walk in her dress that was requisite in the present style. She said the reform had great extent, in some States a number, and in others thousands. In many neighborhoods in Western New York it was common, as also in some of the Western States. She asked the men to help the ladies in the change. She closed, hoping in time to see in Rochester the same feeling on the subject as exists in Dansville, which was the Bloomer Paris.

EMANCIPATING THEMSELVES.—The Central City (Mo.) *Brunswicker* of a recent date says: "A negro man, belonging to a Mrs. King, living but a short distance from this place, availing himself of the advantages of wagon, horses, etc., on Monday night last, took with him his wife and two children and made his exit in search, as is supposed, of some blissful 'land of freedom.' The running away of negroes, though, is of little moment at this day, and requires but little or no comment. The novelty of the case, however, appears deserving of some notice. The woman and children, we learn, belonged to a Mr. Palmer." The St. Joseph *Herald* of June 12 says: "The colored population of Missouri evince a disposition to be ahead of the State Convention at all hazards. Not a day goes by but we hear of some that have left for happier climes—even the old 'squatters' belonging to Gen. Robert Wilson—servants that have lived with him for more than a score of years, and have ever managed things all their own way—left on Thursday night, and came into the camp of the 25th Regiment. Yesterday Col. Harding was visited by R. L. McDonald, son-in-law of Gen. Wilson, who requested the Colonel to send the contrabands across the river into Kansas. He said they were of no account, and had been more trouble than they were worth, and they were glad to get rid of them. Accordingly the whole party—sixteen in number—were sent across the Missouri, and are now dwelling in the 'promised land.' The General left here yesterday for Jefferson City. He is known to be a little opposed to emancipation, and, we presume, his 'household gods' had overheard his talk, and concluded to free themselves regardless of any ordinance that may be passed. It will seem strange in the future to pass the old residence without seeing a 'nigger' in the foreground. The picture will be only half complete. A bright 'boy,' belonging to Mr. Smith Adams, of this County, left on Thursday night. To accelerate his speed, he took with him a good horse. There is no more need of colonization societies. The African has become sharp enough to deport himself, and also take with him a little compensation."

Miscellaneous Department.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

DEDICATED TO CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., "TIMES" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We now may see the dawning ray
That ushers in the natal day
Of the good time coming.
Cannons thunder out the news,
Their iron throats are stronger;
Falsehood takes the place of truth—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The Northern fanatics shall wail
When Southern views alone prevail—
In the good time coming.
The lash, not love, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
Away with abolition cant—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Freedom in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Bondmen cease to live in hope,
Your fetters shall be stronger,
Pile high the heaps of Northern slain,
And wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
When the Slave Confederacy
Recognized by all shall be
In the good time coming.
Let us aid it all we can,
Correspondents—every man,
To make the impulse stronger;
We shall well rewarded be
For our grand apostacy—
Wait a little longer!

—*London Star and Dial.*

PLANTATION LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

[We (*Evening Post*) noticed some days ago that Messrs. Harper and Brothers have in press a volume by Mrs. Kemble, composed of a journal kept by her during the year which she spent on a Georgian plantation. The work is not yet published; but we find in the London *Spectator* a review of it from advance sheets, from which we make the following extracts. *The Spectator* says:]

"There is but one argument for slavery which is openly produced in England, and that is something like this: Slavery is, after all, but a name; in every country the laborer is subjected to the power of the capitalist, and the compulsion of hunger, if not more severe, is more regular and persistent than the compulsion of physical pain. For the rest, slavery as a form of labor has large compensations, the workman being saved from anxiety, from the dread of starvation, and from the terror of an old age of poverty and want. Except for the immutability of his condition, an incident accompanying free labor everywhere except in the United States and a small section of Europe, the slave is as well off as the unskilled white artisan.

"We would recommend all to whom this line of argument seems effective to read a series of letters written in 1838 by Mrs. F. A. Kemble, then the English wife of a planter in Georgia, whose estate on the Island of Darien is now occupied by the Federal troops, and were not originally intended for publication. The wife of a planter of strong Southern opinions, living on the profits of the system, and not moved, apparently, by any strong religious ideas, Mrs. Kemble had singular opportunities for unprejudiced observation, and the result is a condemnation of slavery more severe than any in which professed philanthropists would venture to indulge. It is a system based upon human misery and degradation, having no end save the owner's profit, no bulwark except incessant terror.

"Mrs. Kemble, it will be remembered, was on a well-managed plantation, held by merciful owners, where punishment, by a rule of the estate, was strictly limited, and where the head man was himself a grave, intelligent negro. On this property she found the negroes lodged in wretched huts, with one room twelve feet square, and two little side cabins like those of a ship. Two families—sometimes eight or ten in number—lived in each, sleeping on mattresses of strewn forest moss, and covered with a 'pestilential' blanket. Each house had a little garden, 'usually untended and uncultivated,' and the inmates and swarming children were all alike crusted with dirt, covered with vermin, and stinking from the absence of any habit of bathing. The infirmary was a long building of two stories, crowded with women who lay under every extremity of suffering, wrapped in dirty blankets, on the bare floor, and shivering with the cold.

"It was the women to whom Mrs. Kemble chiefly attended; among them the forms of suffering were manifold and terrible, for besides every kind of pain to which free laborers are liable, there is one peculiar to the slave women, and of which Mrs. Kemble's book is full, till it is sickening to read. Slave-breeding pays well, and, as a consequence, the women, transferred to one 'husband' after another, and at the mercy of every overseer—Headman Frank's wife was quietly taken away while the authoress was there, kept a year by the overseer, and then returned —perish of child-bearing. The women are stimulated by the pride of being valuable to the estate, and wretched creatures worn out with labor still exultingly told their mistress that they would yield 'plenty of little nigs for massa.' They have frequently ten or eleven children, are flogged when pregnant, and three weeks after confinement driven back to work in the cotton field. The consequence is an illness not often mentioned out of a medical journal, pain in the back, and every conceivable form of uterine disease. The one petition of these poor women was for a longer period of rest, and they were flogged for petitioning, flogged, as a pretty young negress herself told the story:

"'She had not finished her task one day, when she said she felt ill and unable to do so, and had been severely flogged by driver Bran, in whose "gang" she then was. The next day, in spite of this encouragement to labor, she had again been unable to complete her appointed work; and Bran having told her that he'd tie her up and flog her if she did not get it done, she had left the field and ran into the swamp. "Tie you up, Louisa," said I, "what is that?" She then described to me that they were fastened up by their wrists to a beam or branch of a tree, their feet barely touching the ground, so as to allow them no purchase for resistance or evasion of the lash, their clothes turned over their heads, and their backs scored with a leather thong, either by the driver himself, or if he pleases to inflict their punishment by deputy, any of the men he may choose to summon to the office; it might be father, brother, husband, or lover, if the overseer so ordered it. I turned sick, and my blood curdled listening to these details from the slender young slip of a lassie, with her poor, piteous face and murmuring, pleading voice.'

"The rule is relentlessly enforced, the overseers pleading, what is probably the truth, that if any excuse were accepted there would be no end to the contrivances to obtain the much-desired rest.

"'Among others, a poor woman named Mile, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs; she had had fifteen children and two miscarriages; nine of her children had died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism, yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands and stroked them in the most appealing way, while she exclaimed, "Oh, my missis! my missis! me neber sleep till day for de pain," and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her flannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swelled limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest from her labor and pain—this mother of fifteen children.'

"This eternal labor was supported on two meals of hominy a day, one of them eaten after six hours of hungering labor.

"Mrs. Kemble found that the laws against teaching the slave to read were strictly enforced; she was told by her own overseer that her mere presence among the slaves was full of danger to the institution; her husband forbade her to present petitions, and she was finally compelled to leave the South, utterly unable to endure the sense of her own powerlessness. And this is an inevitable incident of slavery, and prohibits even the influence of involuntary benevolence from above. Suppose, for example, a slave-owner, full of intelligence and courage, chose to rely on the military force which is always in practice behind him, and treat his slaves as the Roman patrician did, *i. e.*, retain his despotic power, but cultivate every man to the limit of his ability, making one a scholar like Æsop, another a physician such as St. Luke probably was, a third an armed athlete, such as every slave gladiator must have been. The system, under the pressure of modern ideas, would collapse in a twelvemonth, and the planters, well aware of the fact, intercept the danger at the beginning by making intelligence a crime. The slave can never improve, for he can never learn."

[And yet the slaveholders argue that they are doing a work of God in thus brutalizing the negroes.]

Here is the story above alluded to:

HEADMAN FRANK'S WIFE.

"'She was the wife of Headman Frank, the most intelligent and trustworthy of Mr. ———'s slaves; the head driver—second in command to the overseer, and, indeed, second to none during the pestilential season, when the rice swamps cannot, with impunity, be inhabited by any white man, and when, therefore, the whole force employed in its cultivation on the island remains entirely under his authority and control. His wife—a tidy, trim, intelligent woman, with a pretty figure, but a decidedly negro face—was taken from him by the overseer left in charge of the plantation by the Messrs. ———, the all-efficient and all-satisfactory Mr. K———, and she had a son by him, whose straight features and diluted color, no less than his troublesome, discontented, and insubmissive disposition, bear witness to his Yankee descent. I do not know how long Mr. K———'s occupation of Frank's wife continued, or how the latter endured the wrong done to him. When I visited the island, Betty was again living with her husband—a grave, sad, thoughtful-looking man, whose admirable moral and mental qualities were extolled to me by no worse a judge of such matters than Mr. K——— himself, during the few days he spent with Mr. ———, while we were on the plantation. This outrage upon this man's rights was perfectly notorious among all the slaves.'

"The same overseer, the instant there was any dispute between husband and wife, used to separate and remarry them to other slaves, celibacy for any period being unprofitable to the owner. The children die horribly fast, faster even than among the outcasts of London; and as for religion, the most successful overseers are utterly opposed to any mode of religious teaching. On this plantation a slave was allowed to preach; but the creed which teaches that all men are brothers is a dangerous one for a slave plantation. To make the system consistent, the planters should be Mohammedans, but then every slave who turned Mohammedan would be free, every woman who had borne a child to her owner, every child of a white man, and every slave endangered by violence in life or limb, and so the plantation would be depopulated. As a rule, according to our authoress, the negro is brutishly ignorant, the women unable even to tell their children's ages; the men unable to do anything except the work to which they are flogged. The 'system,' wholly apart from its merits or demerits on moral grounds, establishes barbarism as the condition of the laboring class, and consequently cripples society at its base.

"We have one more extract to make—a testimony to the condition of the mean whites on the pine lands, the class whose existence is so stoutly denied by men familiar only with Maryland and Virginia.

THE POOR WHITES.

"'I speak now of the scattered white population, who, too poor to possess land or slaves, and having no means of living in towns, squat (most appropriately is it so termed) either on other men's land or government districts—always here swamp or pine barren—and claim masterdom over the place they invade till ejected by the rightful proprietors. These wretched creatures will not, for they are whites (and labor belongs to blacks and slaves alone here), labor for their own subsistence. They are hardly protected from the weather by the rude shelters they frame for themselves in the midst of these dreary woods. Their food is chiefly supplied by shooting the wild fowl and venison, and stealing from the cultivated patches of the plantations nearest at hand. Their clothes hang about them in filthy tatters, and the combined squalor and fierceness of their appearance are really frightful.

"'These are the so-called pine-landers of Georgia —I suppose the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth; filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages, without one of the nobler attributes which have been found occasionally allied to the vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are almost without exception abjectly poor; they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes. They squat, and steal, and starve on the outskirts of this lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenances bear witness to the squalor of their condition and the utter degradation of their natures. To the crime of slavery, though they have no profitable part or lot in it, they are fiercely accessory, because it is the barrier that divides the black and white races, at the foot of which they lie wallowing in unspeakable degradation, but immensely proud of the base freedom which still separates them from the lash-driven tillers of the soil.'"

FROGS AND TOADS IN ROCKS.

Sir A. P. Gordon Cumming, the well-known African hunter, has addressed a letter to *The Times* in which he says: "A short time ago you quoted a letter written by me to the editor of the the Elgin *Courier*, in which I mentioned the discovery of living toads in making a railway cutting through rocks near Altyre. As many of my friends have questioned the authenticity of the signature, will you allow me to avow myself to be the writer, and in confirmation of my statements to forward the enclosed extracts from *The Forres Gazette* of last week. The ground under which these living toads are found consists of two feet of black soil, from six to twelve feet of water-worn gravel, and four to eight feet of hard sand-stone, all resting upon a bed of red conglomerate. While inspecting the railway works, I have myself seen numbers of living toads taken out of the conglomerate at depths of from fifteen to twenty-four feet from the surface. An extensive, and seemingly unbroken bed of rock covers the stratum in which these living toads are found. In sloping the sides of the cutting to one-and-a-half in one, we may anticipate a further release of prisoners. I shall be glad if any scientific person will account for the presence of living creatures in such a position." The following is the extract referred to: *The Forres Gazette*, referring to a letter from Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, which appeared in *The Courier* some time ago, regarding the discovery of a number of toads found in a rock on the estate of Altyre, says: "This fact was further confirmed last week by an examination of the men present at the blasting, who produced portions of the rock, showing the precise spots where some of the toads were embedded. These were indentations on the stone of a size, but not so deep, of a hen's egg cut lengthwise in half. When the shot went off, the workmen ran to the spot, and found the toads scampering away. The nests, which became exposed in the solid rock by the blast, appeared to have a coating of soft black viscid stuff, in which the toads had lain. The rock is not sandstone, but a kind of conglomerate, very compact, but with open spaces, around which crystals of silica appear. That the toads were embedded in the solid rock we have no doubt whatever, but to make assurance doubly sure the workmen are to carry large pieces of the rock to a given place, where they will be broken leisurely and carefully, in the presence of intelligent witnesses, who will be at no loss to verify the facts which may be presented." Another correspondent of *The Times*, in confirmation of this story, gives the following as an extract of an unpublished work: "A gentleman who has just returned from Khandeish, in the south of India, informs us that in digging, or rather blasting, a well in Khandeish, the well-diggers encouraged him to persevere, as they had found moist rock, and because within the blocks were frogs; that he saw two small frogs released out of a block of hard rock, and found water there at about 35 feet from the surface. Wherever water percolates tadpoles may be conveyed, as also air and infusoria, for their support in their advanced stage of existence; and no doubt nature enables the frog to secrete solvents, enabling it to increase its mansion; for, otherwise, how could the 'Blois toad' have prevented the process of silification within the flint in which it was enclosed?"

Artemus Ward says he has been to see Jeff. Davis about making "peas." On being ushered into the "orgus" presence, the following conversation ensued:

"I come," sez I, "on a mission of peas. Your Copperhead friends in the North will soon cease to exist, ef things carn't be arranged to prohibit the Unionisters from tearin the Constitooshun."

"What terms do you offer?" queried Jeff.

"Wall," sez I, "I air instructed by the Copperheads (Wood & Co., you know) 2 propose ennything which will most disgrace the North. You can take your niggers all over creation, includin' Jarsey."

"Would that be constitooshunal?" asked J. D., with a sly twinkle ov his eye.

"O," sez I, "it's a matter of no difference how much you chaps break that artikil to sever the Union, so the Republicans are stopt from doin' the same to keep the sed Union together. That's what your North'ren chums warn't to see dun."

"Wal," says the Confed Pres, "ef you gov'munt will let us secesh, and will pay all our debts, and give us Brute Butler to hang, we might cum to terms."

"Is thar nothin else you cood wish?"

"Wal, yes—give us all the territories."

"Nothin else?"

"Throw in 2 or 3 free States—New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, furinstuns."

"Nothin else?"

"Yes—in footer we must have all we arsk."

"J. Davis," sez I, "I hev no doubt your friends in the North wood make all these conceshuns, and more too; but it has just occurd to me thar was nothin said to Old Abe about it be4 I left Washington. Shoodn't wonder ef he'd object to the plan some. But your Democrat friends air doing all they kin for you."

"I know," sez J. D., "an that's what keeps our spirits up. We air waitin for 'em to get in power, & then we expect to get all we arsk. And yet us shivalry considered 'em the contemptiblest set of dirt-eatin cowards in the North. We cood buy 'em all for a confed shinplaster."

Those was my opinion, 2.

THE SLAVE-MARTYR.

BY MISS E. W. BROWN.

"During the siege of Washington, N. C., a flat, full of soldiers, with a few negroes, got aground under rebel fire. A heroic African said, 'Somebody's got to die to get us out of this, and it may as well be me.' He then deliberately got out and pushed the boat off, and fell into it pierced by five bullets."

The surf with ricocheting balls
Was churned and splashed around us;
I heard my comrades' hurried calls,
"The rebel guns have found us."

Our vessel shivered; for beneath,
The treacherous sand had caught her;
What man will leap to instant death
To shove her into water?

Strange light shone in our hero's eye;
His voice was strong and steady;
"My brothers, one of us must die,
And I, thank God! am ready."

A shell flew toward us, hissing hate,
Then screaming like a demon;
He calmly faced the awful fate,
Resolved to die a freeman!

He fell, his heart cut through with shot,
The true blood of that martyr
Out from his body spurted hot,
To flee the shame of barter.

We lifted up the brave man's corse;
We thought him fair and saintly:
The rebel bullets round us hoarse
We heard, but dull and faintly.

'Tis ever so; a great deed wrought,
The doer falls that moment,
As if to save the Godlike thought
From any human comment.

Heroes are dead men by that fact;
Fame haunts our grave-yards, sighing,
"Alas! that man's divinest act
Should be the act of dying."

—*American Baptist.*

BARCALA.

From Harper's Weekly.

Major Edelmiro Mayer, a soldier of the Argentine Republic, now in the service of the United States, gives the following account of a celebrated negro chieftain whose fame survives in the Argentine Republic like that of Toussaint L'Ouverture in St. Domingo.

Besides the brave Col. Barcala other negroes have distinguished themseves in the wars of South America. Borros, the Portuguese historian of Brazil, says that in his opinion the negro soldiers are preferable to the Swiss, who in his day were considered the best infantry in the world. In fact one of the most distinguished characters in Brazilian history was Henry Diaz, a negro, who from a slave became, like Barcala, the colonel of a regiment of soldiers of his own color. In 1637, at the head of his soldiers, he took from the Dutch the fort and town of Arecise. In 1645, in one of his battles, a ball shattered his left hand. To spare the delay of dressing the wound he caused it to be amputated on the spot, saying that each finger of his right was worth the whole of his left hand in battle. The historian Menezes praises his consummate skill, and the devotion and intrepidity of his followers:

"You desire to know more of Col. Barcala, whose name you have seen in the letter which I wrote to ——. I know perfectly well that your interest in him is not a mere idle curiosity, but is born of your profound love to the good cause, and of your wish to put in action whatever may contribute in any way to elevate the oppressed negro race.

"You think that it may be useful and interesting to know something of this fellow-countryman of mine—a man eminent by his talents, virtues and heroic deeds. Well, then, I will make you a sketch of that negro, as noble and brave as the Bayard of France. I am only afraid that it will be very imperfect, because I am far from those who could give me dates, and I must depend only on my memory. But the few details that I can relate to you of this martyr for liberty will enable you to judge of him.

"Col. Barcala was born in the city of Mendoza, where his parents were slaves. The owner of them loved the little negro, seeing him so intelligent, and gave him a good education. The war of independence revolutionized the society of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, and when the first congress met, in 1815, it declared free every one born after that day in the Argentine Republic, and also forbad the introduction of slaves. The love of liberty inspired the hearts of most of the citizens, who gave immediately freedom to their negroes, begging them only to help to maintain the liberty and independence of the new republic.

"Many of the negroes marched to the encampments and offered themselves as privates, and among them was Barcala. They were organized into battalions with white officers. Gen. San Martin passed with them the Andez, the most splendid feat of the military history of South America, and fought the memorable battle of Chacabuco, so disastrous for the Spaniards. In this battle Barcala was made a Corporal for his distinguished gallantry.

"A short time after the liberating army was surprised in the night, and, unfortunately, nearly all dispersed. Corporal Barcala was made Sergeant for the activity and intelligence which he displayed on this occasion. Seven days afterward the Spanish army was attacked, greatly to their astonishment, in the field of Maypu, by the army which they thought they had destroyed in the recent action, and which was now reduced to one-third the number of the enemy.

"The battle of Maypu was one of the most bloody and desperate ever fought by the Spaniards on the South American continent, and in losing it they lost the possession of Chili. In that battle the negro battalions performed exploits very similar to those that distinguished the Rhode Island regiments under Gen. Burnside at Antietam.

"For his behavior in the battle Barcala was made Lieutenant. He was the first negro officer in our army, and had at that time three decorations on his breast.

"Constantly battling, without rest, the liberating army followed the Spaniards to Bolivia and Peru. I returned to Buenos Ayres in the year 1823. Barcala had made eight years of continued campaigns, and when he returned to his father-land, from which he went out as private, he came as Colonel of a regiment, covered with glory, with fifteen decorations, and with the love and esteem of all the army.

"It is necessary to understand that the chiefs and officers of the army were from the most notable and select portions of society, in order justly to appreciate the merit of Barcala, an emancipated negro slave, who raised himself to so high a rank by his talents, heroism, knowledge and virtues.

"In the war with Brazil, in 1825, you know the figure that he made, because you have read the letter which I have written to ——.

"In 1828 broke out our civil war, and Barcala, like all the negroes, was with the party of liberty. The Liberal army, being in the State of Cordova, fought there the battle of the Tablada, under Gen. Paz (the only South American General who has not lost a battle, notwithstanding he fought many and very notable ones, among which is this, the bloodiest in South American history) and Gen. Facundo Quiroga, the Argentine Attila.

"After two days of fighting, in which was displayed by one side the greatest strategy and valor, and by the other the greatest impetuosity in the furious charges of cavalry, and the greatest obstinacy, Gen. Paz remained master of the field; and in the general order which he gave the next day he magnified the knowledge and talent of his chief-of-staff, and declared that he owed to him mainly the victory. This chief-of-staff of Gen. Paz, the most strategical and learned of all the South American Generals, and the most severely sparing of eulogies, was the Col. Barcala.

"I will relate to you two or three facts which will throw some light upon his character.

"The Liberal army being in the city of Cordova, the high society of the city gave a great banquet to the chiefs and officers. In the negro battalions were some colored officers, who had been promoted for their merits. Well, then, not one of those officers would go to the banquet, but gave sincere thanks for the invitation. I knew, two years ago, one of those officers; and when I asked him for the reasons why they had refused the invitation, he told me, 'In the army we had known well what we were as officers, but we also knew our position in society, for so has taught us our Col. Barcala.' For, having been slaves, they, of course, were without high culture.

"A few days after this there was given a ball to the generals and chiefs. It was the custom to open these balls with a minuet danced by the commanding general and his chief-of-staff. Col. Barcala, who, by order of his general, was present, and was in the side-rooms, refused to go into the parlor to dance, saying that he did not know how to do it. Then one of those ladies appointed to dance that minuet, whom I know, and who, now in advanced years, preserves the aristocratic air that was characteristic of her manners, approached him and said, 'I will direct you; now you will not longer refuse to dance.' Barcala danced with all the grace and freedom of a man of the court. The minuet finished, he walked out of the parlor and went away. Afterward he said to this lady, 'Though you sought to honor me, you really mortified me.'

"Shortly after he fell into the hands of Quiroga (a noted bandit), who ordered that he should be shot. But half an hour before the time named, Quiroga ordered him into his presence and asked,

"'What would you have done with me if you had taken me a prisoner?'

"'I should have ordered you hung on the first tree, because you are not worthy to be shot!'

"'Col. Barcala, I will give you liberty if you will take service with me.'

"He replied, 'Col. Barcala will not degrade himself by serving the leaders of barbarism.'

"And Quiroga, the ferocious Quiroga, subdued by the nobleness of this man, set him at liberty; and this was the first and last instance in which he ever gave life or liberty to an enemy.

"But the fate of Marshal Ney was reserved for Barcala. On a journey from Mendoza to Chili he was taken by the Friar Gen. Aldao. He ordered him to be shot; and Barcala only begged permission to give the word of command to those who should shoot him. When he was taken from the prison he came out clothed in his gala uniform, and with his seventeen decorations; and with clear and strong voice he said to those about him, the following words, very notable and difficult to forget, 'I shall die with the only sorrow of seeing my fatherland oppressed by tyrants; but I die with the satisfaction that my name will remain in the Argentine history: and as Christianity treasures the memory of her martyrs, so liberty shall remember those of her sons who have been sacrificed for her.' After this he gave a 'Hurrah for the Argentine Republic free from tyrants!' and with perfect confidence commanded the riflemen to fire.

"Col. Barcala is one of the most beautiful characters in the Argentine history, the most heroic history of South America. His last words are realized. No domestic or foreign tyrant profanes the soil of the land he loved so well, and every free Argentine treasures the memory of Barcala."

BRITISH SYMPATAY.

The following letter, addressed by an English gentleman to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, contains so many sensible statements, and has such an appropriate peroration, that we put it before the public eye:

Sickle Field, Wigan, 4th May, 1863.

My Dear Madam: I have hoped for some time that the old anti-slavery feeling in this country would be at last aroused to aid in some way the friends of freedom in the Northern States, who are striving so nobly against the Slave Power in the South; but I begin to fear that all intelligent feeling on the subject is entirely extinct in the minds of the richer classes. Indeed, so far as they are concerned they have credit for an amount of anti-slavery feeling they never possessed. We who can remember the struggle in this country, remember also how the earnest Abolitionists were then abused and vilified, as the Federal government now is, and by the same classes.

The fact is England was never so thoroughly anti-slavery as it suits some now to represent us. The hatred of slavery had become very strong amongst the same class of people as that which carried the repeal of the corn laws, and both were opposed by the richer and governing classes. When the subject had become troublesome, and it was found impossible to resist emancipation much longer, then the advocates of slavery turned their attention to securing compensation, and this is really the only part they had in the matter, except in retarding the measure of emancipation. Much also has been said of the noble sacrifice that was made to emancipate our slaves. But when it is remembered that many of the members of both Houses of Parliament received the compensation themselves, and that the £20,000,000 were raised by loan, and not by taxes, the sacrifice altogether disappears.

No; credit has been claimed for England, which she never deserved. As long as the American government could be insulted by lamentations about slavery, they were profusely offered, but the moment there appeared to be any chance of the North wiping off the stain, then our eager emancipators seek for excuses of all kinds why slavery should not be meddled with. Truly this country has, during your noble struggle, presented a sickening sight, and I am not surprised at any amount of indignation exhibited in consequence on your side. Still, there are some noble minds at work for you, and but for these, our governing classes would have insulted you even more than they have done.

Despairing as I now do of much aid from this side, I take the liberty to enclose an order on the Illinois Banking Co. for $210, to be used for the benefit of the emancipated slaves.

Yours faithfully, Thomas C. Ryley.

We believe that this letter tells the exact truth about England. If it does not, our newly commissioned foreign correspondent will rectify it. But it is hard to rectify what is already right.

We have before us, also, a letter from another part of the British Empire—the town of Victoria in Vancouver's Island. It is from a number of *colored women* in that island—some of whom were formerly slaves in the South—enclosing $600 to Vice-President Hamlin, for the help of their countrywomen at Beaufort, delivered lately out of the bondage from which the givers earlier escaped. It concludes with these touching words:

"You will please accept our thanks as a people for the great interest you have taken in the cause of humanity; and though many miles divide us from those who have the burden to bear in this great struggle for human liberty, our hearts are with you, even unto death."

We commend both these letters to the perusal of those English readers who belong to what are courteously called the higher classes—though, for our own part, we know of no English classes that stand on a higher Christian level than the honest middling folk of Lancashire or the humble colored women of Vancouver's Island.—*Independent.*

A Preacher for the Times.—The New York correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, in a recent letter, says: "I have been to hear your rare preacher, Frothingham, and it was good to hear him. Despite a certain histrionic cadence and mannerism, which it seems captious now to speak of, a great, earnest, august soul filled Ebbitt Hall, and everybody with a soul to be fed grew strong in its atmosphere. The sermon—if sermon it were—must have been suggested for my special consolation. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" was the text, and out of it grew some strong pictures of American instability; pictures so vivid, with illustration so unique and compelling that for very shame the cheek burned and the heart sickened anew for a country and a country's cause so based and travestied. Then came the antidote. Down from his apex of extravaganza came the preacher, with tender tones of sympathy, and stirring words of trust—trust in American solidity and endurance. Showing, by a masterly figure, that not all of stableness belongs to the broad base of the pyramid. That the rocking boulder, resting securely upon a single point of the boulder beneath it, swaying to every breeze, the free air of heaven playing above, around and beneath—yet so finely poised that not the Alps themselves dash back the storms of ages with a calmer defiance, was a stability of equal grandeur and greater beauty. So I came away comforted. And now I like to think of the pure soulful eyes of the speaker—eyes that seemed to have looked on all things in heaven and earth, keeping only the impress of the divine and ineffable. This is as it should be. Our priests and prophets now-a-days, too many of them, look as if they had proved all things, and taken a little of each! A 'man of God' with world-wise eyes kills every word he utters—for me."

Gen. Butler's Wit.—One of the most striking of the General's traits is the quick comprehension which enables him to meet almost any question with a ready and commonly a witty reply.

During the earlier period of our occupation of New Orleans, persons were constantly applying to him to give them an order to search within our lines for runaway negroes; and it is a good illustration of the assurance of our enemies, that in a majority of cases the persons so applying were avowed traitors. The following is a fair sample of the conversation that would follow such an application:

"General, I wish you would give me an order to search for my negro," the visitor would commence.

"Have you lost your horse?" the general would ask, in reply.

"No, sir."

"Have you lost your mule?" the General would add.

"No, sir," the applicant for the order would answer, looking exceedingly puzzled at such unusual questions.

"Well, sir, if you had lost your horse or your mule, would you come and ask me to neglect my duty to the government for the purpose of assisting you to catch them?"

"Of course not," the visitor would reply, with increasing astonishment.

"Then why should you expect me to employ myself in hunting after any other article of your property?"

And with this comforting and practical application of the Dred Scott decision, the ex-owner of the fugitive slave would take his departure, a wiser, and, I doubt not, a sadder man.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

White and Black.—The black-gloved, and so black-skinned hand is esteemed comely, so is the black-clothed, and therefore practically black-skinned body. A strip of white linen around the neck and on the breast, and a bit of white flesh between the forehead and the black-bearded mouth, are the only specks of Caucasianism in an American gentleman in full dress. From hat to boots, Paris declares, and Broadway confesses, an "inky suit of customary black" is the requisite of a gentleman. And yet we pretend that we have a natural antipathy to people of color. How foolish! A black man with a white vest is more of a white man than we in our fashionable costume.

The Southern States will soon settle this problem, when peace and liberty prevail there. A Baltimore gentleman of the highest social standing said to me "that he had long advocated the admission of half-negroes to social equality with their white kindred." That event will come, and with it the inevitable recognition of the other half of their blood, and so of the whole of the attainted color.—*Rev. Gilbert Haven's Sermon before the Church Anti-Slavery Society in Boston.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

IMPROMPTU LINES TO CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Grave Doctor, correspondent of *The Times*,
I give you greeting in unstudied rhymes.
I often read your rythmic lines, and think
They are half sky-lark and half bobolink;
But the sweet bobolink's mellifluous strains
Are never made to chime with clanking chains;
No madrigal escapes his tuneful beak
Where truth is scorned and freedom cannot speak.
The poet of the meadows sings no song
Where the oppressor swings his gory thong,
But when he leaves the red invidious line
That limits freedom, then his song divine
Is poured out freely as the summer rain,
Where slavery cannot come to weld the chain.
But you, unlike that minstrel of the sky,
Mock us while freedom's chariot thunders by.
The lyric of the lark is lost in those
Dull lines of yours, drawn out in purchased prose.
The sweet song of the cheerful bobolink,
That rings in the pure verse, is missed, I think,
In all the letters to the "thundering *Times*,"
A poor apology for bloodiest crimes.
You have unsaid in morbid prose the words
That sounded like the sylvan speech of birds,
In happier times, in true poetic verse.
We can endure both compliment and curse:
Write on, and earn unenviable fame;
Impale the slave and glory in your shame;
Strike Freedom when she faints and bleeds,
And blazon to the world your daring (!) deeds;
Stab Justice to the heart, and swear that she
No longer holds the scales of equity;
Obey the despot's arbitrary bid;
Betray humanity, as Judas did
The Savior with a kiss upon his lip,
And put the silver pieces in your scrip;
Withhold no censure from the braves who strike
At tyrants here and everywhere alike;
Scorn liberty in this her hour of need,
And stereotype the scorn into the deed.
What a sweet mission for a British bard,
Who sought a ribbon by Victoria starred,
To spurn the negro in his chains and tears,
And closer bind his yoke for future years!
Your sympathies are with the tyrant, when
He uncreates what God created men,
And you have nerved the arm that strikes the blow
Which blots the signet stamped upon the brow
Of the poor slave, whose blood like Abel's cries
From the drenched ground up to the pitying skies.
The cruel harem of the haughty South
Has no rebuke from thy voluptuous mouth;
Babes stolen from their mothers' arms, and sold
On scales at auction for the despot's gold,
Excite no horror in thy heart or brain.
Pleased with the music of the clanking chain,
You rivet yokes on necks that should be free,
To please the snobbish aristocracy.
Is it a proof of gentle blood to speak
In mockery of the wretched poor and weak,
Who look to God and noble men to shield
Them from the crimson lash that tyrants wield?
Can high-born Britons of this age endorse
Censure to Pitt and Fox and Wilberforce?
Will Englishmen disown the deed that gave
Freedom to each emancipated slave
In the West Indian Isles that gem the sea,
And blush because the negroes there are free?
The pale historian, with his pen of flame,
Will write the deathless record of your shame,
And leave no glory on the page to show
The fame for genius that you covet now.
The snobs you serve like shadows pass away,
Like short-lived dogs of an eventful day,
That bay the parliament of stars and moon,
Serenely seated on her lofty throne.
The laurel wreath fades on your forehead here,
The poet of the poor, to serve a peer
Who boasts of blood that's scrofulous and thin,
Diluted by indulgence, stained with sin,
Defames a nation struggling to be free,
And damns himself with prose eternally.

George W. Bungay.

The Source of Human Rights.—The time has come when man authenticates his rights, not by mortal wax and parchment, but by the image and superscription of God. The liberty he now lays claim to traces no doubtful, and ofttimes degrading, pedigree from the English Magna Charta. It has neither birth, nor race, nor youth, nor age. Charters and constitutions may *serve* it, but *create* it never. It is not conferred in a vote, nor measured by a precedent. It lives not on hypothesis, nor on history; not in the origin of society, nor on the course of society. It consists in *right*—in the right to do right and to be right. It draws its breath from law, but not from human law. It inheres in will, but only in a right will. It is armed with power, but only with a just power. It has a sanction, but its sanction is highest truth. It has a service, but its service is perfect freedom. It has a prudence, but a prudence only which itself inspires; it has its sureties, but only the sureties itself sets up; it has its utilities, but only the utilities which follow in its train; it has its sacrifices, but sacrifices only which are given to God. Society makes no levy upon it. The social sphere is larger than the individual sphere, but social rights are all in harmony with individual rights; just as the heart, which is the organ, is in harmony with the ruddy blood-drops, which are the life. Social order no more involves a breaking in upon the normal unity of each individual, than bodily order involves a breaking in upon the normal unity of each vital sphe-rule. When positive law is at variance with moral law, it is no longer law—it is arbitrary force; and arbitrary force has no morally binding authority. Liberty is but another name for Right; Obedience but another name for Duty; Authority but another name for Justice; Government but another name for Justice armed.—*J. R. Spalding, in The Independent.*

Justice the Foundation of Government.—Justice is the only true conservator. *Sedet æternumque sedebit.* In all the revolutionary upheavings of Europe, the governments which had done most justly stood most firmly. It is no longer possible for any government in modern civilization to obtain such security without conformity to justice. Our own is no exception. It was the injustice of slavery, as shifted deep into the base of our civil fabric, that shook it again and again, and has finally made it reel almost to the dust. It is idle to discuss proximate causes. Beneath all lies this prime agent of ruin. It made rest and security impossible—just as impossible as it is to reconcile human bondage with human rights. Our fathers were not ignorant of that. Fresh from the principles of the immortal Declaration, they never meant that slavery should have a permanent place in the foundations of the republic. They looked for its speedy falling away, and carefully adjusted the Constitution so that its disappearance should disturb nothing. Contrary to their expectations, it did not disappear. It was imbedded deeper than ever. There was a persistent effort to make it even the corner-stone. From the day that began, agitation was inevitable. Every moral element was against it. No sort of compromise, no consideration of material expediency, could restore repose. It will be so to the end. It is only because we believe that this war, while crushing out this rebellion, must of necessity crush out slavery with it, that we have any hope for the permanent stability of the republic. The government once again on its original principles—the "certain unalienable rights" with which "all men are endowed by their Creator"—it will stand on a rock, and may defy the ages.—*J. R. Spalding, in The Independent.*

The Covenanters.—"An Estray" from the office of the Springfield *Republican*, writing of a visit to the Genesee valley, says: "It was my pleasant lot to fall among friends whom I had never before seen, whose religious and political faith took me back several centuries and revealed to me the habits and opinions of my own ancestry as I have never comprehended them before. They are Scotch Covenanters, and still hold fast to the 'testimonies' for which their fathers suffered martyrdom in Scotland. To this day they refuse to vote or have any connection with the government, because the government fails to recognize Christianity and conform to its moralities; but some of them fight in this war, 'for liberty and law,' as they say, while they steadily refuse to take the oath to support the Constitution. In religion they are consistently and rigidly Calvinistic, which is more than can now be said of any sect in New England, and they are principled against using any hymns in worship except David's psalms, of which they sing the ancient and quaint version of Rouse. This small sect has lately experienced a schism, a portion having split off upon the idea of permitting a relaxation of the discipline; they still go for prohibiting all connection with the government, but against enforcing the discipline on those who go astray in this matter—like the New Hampshire politician, who was for the liquor law and against its enforcement; or, still later, like our excellent President, who, after arguing handsomely in support of Vallandigham's arrest, concluded by saying that on the whole it was not a wise thing to do."

Advertisements.

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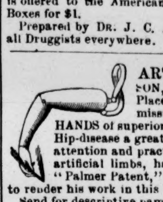
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Grovesteen & Co., 499 Broadway,

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Philadelphia Advertisements.

EDWARD M. DAVIS

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SECOND FLOOR,

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I have this day opened an office for the transaction of a general EXCHANGE and BANKING BUSINESS, and the sale of Bonds and other Securities on Commission.

Particular attention will be given to Government Securities, as the most reliable investments.

Bonds and Stocks in general will be Bought and Sold.

Dividends, Interests and Coupons will be collected and remitted.

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Special Collections made.

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As I have a prompt and reliable correspondent in New York, connected with the Broker's Board, I can execute orders there with dispatch.

Any business entrusted to me will be attended to promptly and faithfully. E. M. DAVIS, Second Floor 39 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

5-20'S.—The principal on these Bonds can be claimed April 30th, 1882, but is payable at the option of the government any time *after* April 30th, 1867. They draw interest in Gold, semi-annually, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable May 1st and October 1st of each year, at the Mint in Philadelphia. The Principal is also payable in Gold. They can now, and until July 1st, be had for Legal Tender notes or other par funds at par, thus making Green-backs draw interest in gold and securing the principal in gold also. Interest begins the day the money is paid. The Bonds can be had "Registered" or with "Coupons." The first are drawn to the order of the buyer. The interest can only be collected by the person whose name is in the bond, or by attorney. For safety the name and residence is registered in Washington and at the Mint. There is a power of "transfer" on the back of each bond to enable the original buyer to convey it. The "Registered," for permanent investments, are preferred. The "Coupon" Bonds are drawn to bearer, and have attached to each of them a small "Coupon" or *check upon the Treasury of the U. S.*, payable to bearer for *each* amount of interest due from the day of issue up to the 1st Nov., 1881. The last payment of interest, May 1st, 1882, is paid with the principal when the bond is surrendered. By an act of Congress they are not taxable, and no tax can be collected from the holder of them except under the law creating an income tax. Any one person owning $10,000 or under will not have any tax to pay on the principal or interest, provided the parties have no other income.

I am authorized, and shall be glad to supply these Bonds at par, without charge to the purchaser, until July 1st, 1863, my Commission coming from another source.

Look carefully over your "Green-backs." Parties sometimes pass at par those that are equal to gold; they can easily be distinguished from the others, as they have printed on the face "Payable on Demand." They were issued before the general suspension of specie payments, and as government takes them for Duties on Foreign Imports, they will bring as much as Gold in the Market. There are several millions still unredeemed. They cannot be reissued.

My Business is exclusively on Commission. All orders entrusted to me will be attended to promptly and faithfully.

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SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices, English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every descriptions, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand-boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1 000, mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship

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